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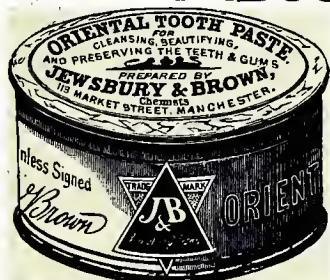
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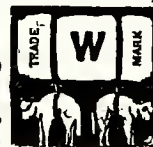
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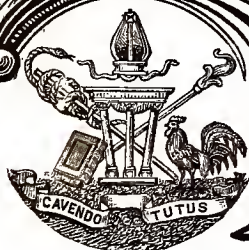
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20 „	32 0 0	67 10 0	42 0 0	73 10 0	48 0 0	77 0 0
25 „	32 0 0	62 0 0	42 0 0	67 10 0	48 10 0	72 0 0
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The new premiums, which are payable annually, are at all ages 75 per cent. only of the ordinary whole-life, with-profit rates, the Society advancing the remaining 25 per cent. The 25 per cent. so provided by the Society, accumulated at 5 per cent. interest in advance, will be a charge on the current bonus. If death should occur within the quinquennial bonus period, the interim bonus will exactly meet the current charge, and allow of the sum assured being paid without deduction. If, on the other hand, the Policy should survive the quinquennial period and share in the declared bonus, it may be expected that the cash bonus allotted at each division will more than meet the current charge.

This surplus cash bonus may, on its declaration, either be at once received by the Assured, or, if he prefer it, be converted into an equivalent Reversionary Bonus, payable with the sum assured in the event, and in the event only, of death occurring subsequently to the attainment of an age to be stated in the Policy.

Further particulars as to the Prime Cost System will be furnished on application.

REDUCED ANNUAL PREMIUM		
For £100 at death.		
AGE NEXT BIRTH-DAY.	ANNUAL PREMIUM.	
	£	s. d.
20	1	7 11
21	1	8 8
22	1	9 5
23	1	10 2
24	1	11 2
25	1	11 11
26	1	12 10
27	1	13 9
28	1	14 8
29	1	15 8
30	1	16 7
31	1	17 6
32	1	18 5
33	1	19 7
34	2	0 8
35	2	1 10
36	2	3 2
37	2	4 5
38	2	5 9
39	2	7 3
40	2	8 9
41	2	10 3
42	2	11 9
43	2	13 3
44	2	14 11
45	2	16 8
46	2	18 6
47	3	0 5
48	3	2 8
49	3	5 3
50	3	8 1

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**That the SOCIETY'S RESERVES
are now the **STRONGEST**,
and That its BONUSES
are amongst the **LARGEST** known.**

[See further particulars on previous pages.]

.....
NEXT BONUS.

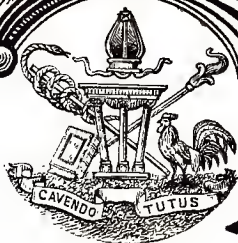
THE NEXT DIVISION OF PROFITS will take place in January 1897.
Profit Policies effected now or before the end of June will be
entitled to one year's additional share of Profits.

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and every information on application.

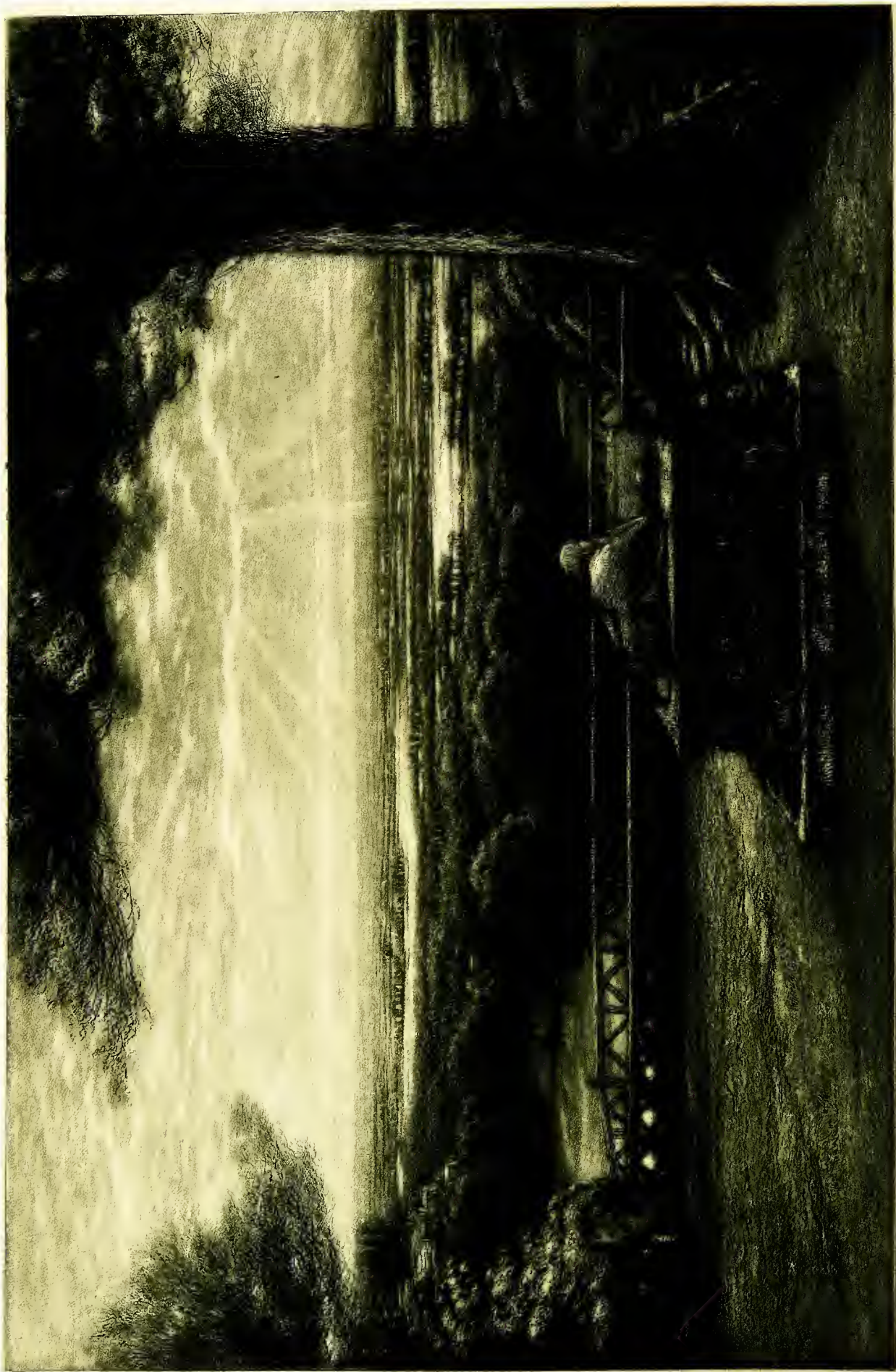
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LORD BYRON'S VIEW-HARROW.
(Original etching by Francis Walker, A.R.P.E.)

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SOME PORTRAITS OF BYRON.

By F. G. KITION.

REMEMBERING the brief, though brilliant, career of Lord Byron, it is somewhat surprising to find so many portraits extant of the distinguished poet. The earliest of these is a miniature by Kay, of Edinburgh, painted in 1795, when the future bard was between six and seven years old. The boy's amicable disposition induced him to present this curious little drawing, as a mark of gratitude, to his devoted nurse, Mary Gray, on her leaving his mother's service; and at her death, in 1835, it passed into the possession of Dr. Ewing, of Aberdeen, an enthusiastic admirer of Byron.

The young peer began his school-life at Aberdeen before he was five years old, and was removed from thence to Harrow in 1801; where, from being (as he himself said) "a most unpopular boy," he eventually became a leader in all school sports and mischievous pranks, notwithstanding the deformity of his right foot, caused by an accident at birth. He is described as being a fat, bashful boy, with his dark hair combed straight over his forehead, greatly resembling a miniature picture that his mother had, painted by M. de Chambruland. In after years Byron wrote: "I differed not at all from other children, being neither tall nor short, dull nor witty, of my age, but rather lively—except in my sullen moods, and then I was always a devil!" Further details concerning the Chambruland miniature are not forthcoming; but there exists in the collection of an American gentleman another miniature of Byron belonging to this period. It is a painting on ivory by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., and represents him as a boy of about twelve years old, with brown hair, blue eyes, and a very clear complexion.

In 1805 he left Harrow to continue his studies at Trinity College, Cambridge, and it was during his residence there that his portrait was taken by Gilchrist. This drawing, executed in water-colours, represents his lordship in the gown worn by noblemen at Trinity College on festive occasions. The picture was long in the possession of Mr. Litchfield, of Cambridge, with whom Lord Byron lodged, and to whom it was given on the poet leaving the University.

In 1807 the poet's portrait was painted by G. Sanders—a full-length in oils, reproduced on the next page. It was concerning this portrait that Byron wrote to Rogers: "If you think the picture you saw at Murray's worth your acceptance, it is yours; and

you may put a *glove* or mask on it, if you like." Apparently it never became the property of the banker-poet, but eventually went into the possession of Lady Dorchester. Of this picture (afterwards



LORD BYRON, AT THE AGE OF SEVEN.

(From the Miniature by Kay.)

beautifully engraved by Finden) Sanders produced a miniature copy, which Byron thought so unlike the original, and in every way discreditable to the artist, that he requested Mr. Murray to destroy the plate that had been engraved from the miniature, and on no account to prefix this portrait to the contemplated edition of his poems. A replica of the larger painting may be seen in the Armenian monastery on the island of San Lazaro, Venice, where Byron went daily for some months to study the Armenian language with the friars of the convent.

On Byron's arrival in Turkey, the Albanians and their dress produced an immediate effect on his imagination. He so much admired the splendid colouring that he donned the Albanian dress when he first sat for his portrait to T. Phillips, R.A. (*circa* 1810), who produced a half-length in oils, of the size of life. (See page 256.) The painting formerly belonged to Lady Milbanke, but is now in the possession of Lord Leigh, of



LORD BYRON (1807).

(From an Engraving by Finden, after the Painting by G. Sanders.)

Stoneleigh Abbey. A replica is included in the collection at the National Portrait Gallery, and a reduced copy, painted at the same time as the original, is owned by Mr. John Murray.

In 1812 the poet made the acquaintance of Lady Caroline Lamb, which soon ripened into friendship, which, however, was of short duration. Before this amicable relationship ceased, Lady Caroline painted a miniature of Byron—a profile to the left—of which a mezzotint by C. Turner was published in 1825. Embittered by the neglect of her former admirer and against his then recent marriage, she gave vent to her spleen by caricaturing Byron and his wife as they walked arm-in-arm together. This curious pen-and-ink sketch was recently reproduced and published in the "Memoir and Correspondence of the late John Murray."

On April 21st, 1813, Byron wrote to John Murray: "I am to sit to Westall for a picture, at the request of a friend of mine; and, as

Sanders's is not a good one, you will probably prefer the other." Murray was then contemplating the publication of an illustrated edition of "Childe Harold," and R. Westall, R.A., had agreed to provide the designs, the portrait referred to being intended for the book. It was not exhibited in the Royal Academy until 1825, when it was purchased by Sir Francis Burdett, from whom it descended to his daughter, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, the present owner. A beautiful mezzotint by Turner was published by Murray in 1814. The Countess Guiccioli considered this picture superior to the others, although it did not do justice to the subject; but of the engraved reproductions she speaks most disparagingly, as deserving the appellation of caricatures. Byron wrote in his journal concerning it: "I happen to know that this portrait was not a flatterer, but dark and stern—even black as the mood in which my mind was scorching last July,



LORD BYRON (1814).

(From the Portrait by T. Phillips, R.A.)

when I sat for it. All the others of me, like most portraits whatsoever, are, of course, more agreeable than nature." Another half-length by Westall (differing entirely from this) was sold by Messrs. Graves, of Pall Mall, to the Earl of Beaconsfield in 1875, and is probably still at Hughenden.

A more pleasing presentment of Lord Byron is to be found in the painting by T. Phillips, R.A., 1814. (See page 254.) The original painting was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1815, and is now in the possession of Mr. John Murray. Phillips made two replicas of it, one of which adorns the saloon at Newstead Abbey, and the other is at Stoneleigh. The portrait has been frequently engraved, the principal reproducers being Agar, T. Lupton, and R. Graves, A.R.A.

In 1815, a miniature of Byron was painted by T. Holmes, of which the poet said, "It is a picture of my upright self, done for Scrope B. Davis, Esq." The face is turned to the left, and here again is the cloak and Vandyke collar; although his lordship was then five-and-twenty, he certainly looked younger, judging by this portrait—which, by the way, is believed to be the last he sat for in England. The original miniature (of which a replica was made) was afterwards transferred to the Hon. Mrs. Leigh, and is now the property of Mr. Alfred Morrison; it was engraved by R. Graves in 1825.

For some little time before the separation from his wife in 1816, Byron had practised sparring with Jackson, a well-known professor of pugilism, by means of which he considerably improved his physical condition. There is a curious little etching by Pierce Egan, junr., representing him (in his dressing-gown) thus engaged in the art of self-defence; and Mr. Frank T. Sabin possesses a small oil-sketch by Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.—a half-length—portraying him with hands encased in boxing-gloves in readiness for a pugilistic encounter. After Byron's final departure from his native country, we find that (with one exception) the portraits of him were executed by foreign artists, the first of these being the now historical bust by Thorwaldsen.

This was considered the best portrait in existence of Byron, and even that severe critic, the Countess Guiccioli, said: "Thorwaldsen alone has,

in his marble bust of him, been able to blend the regular beauty of his features with the sublime expression of his countenance." The original bust became the property of Mr. Hobhouse, afterwards Lord Broughton, and is now in the possession of his daughter, Lady Dorchester. It was repeatedly executed in marble by the sculptor, and a great number of plaster-casts were sent to England—one of the latter being included in Mr. Murray's collection; there are also replicas at Chatsworth,



LORD BYRON.

(From a Drawing by G. H. Harlowe. In the Possession of John Murray, Esq.)

at the Biblioteca Ambrosiana at Milan,* and in America, the order for the last-named being coupled with these words: "Place the names of Byron and Thorwaldsen on it, and it will become an immortal monument."

Mr. John Murray possesses a very interesting drawing from the life, by G. H. Harlowe, delicately executed in black chalk, touched here and there with red, and with white on the collar. Although Byron was in his thirty-first year when this portrait

* This replica was made for a Milanese shoemaker named Ronchetti, whose son eventually sent it to the Ambrosian Library (*vide Notes and Queries*, October 28th, 1882).

was produced, he looks much younger; the face is in profile to the left, and the wavy hair is much longer than he usually wore it. The drawing bears the autograph of Byron, with the date, "Venezia, A° 6, 1818;" it was engraved in stipple by E. Scriven in 1820, and again (much reduced) by E. Finden, for

in 1828 for the first edition of Hunt's "Byron and his Contemporaries," with the following intimation inscribed underneath: "The above likeness is believed to be the only genuine one of the noble poet ever taken at full length, and was recognised by those who knew him in Italy with that laughter

of delight common upon seeing the expression as well as features happily caught." In the Print Room, British Museum, there is another silhouette, a life-size representation of the facial contour only, which was published by Ackermann. In the same collection I find a well-executed lithographic copy of a painting from life by M. Gaci, the print having been issued by Messrs. Colnaghi in 1819. It is a head and bust, the face turned to the right, and the shoulders classically draped.

In 1822 Byron wrote to Murray from Pisa, saying that Bartolini, of Florence, desired to take his bust, to which he consented. On completion of the model, he said: "It is thought very like what I *now am*, which is different from what I *was*, of course, since you saw me. The sculptor is a famous one; and, as it was done by *his own* particular request, will be done well, probably." The bust, which was executed in marble, shows the slight whiskers to which Moore alluded.

In the same year at Montenero, near Leghorn, Byron gave sittings to Mr. W. E. West, an American artist, in compliance with a wish expressed by some Transatlantic admirers, Mr. West being the last painter to whom the poet

sat for his portrait in Italy. Byron, being obliged to leave Montenero suddenly, could only give West two or three sittings; and, although invited to his lordship's residence at Pisa in order to complete the picture, the artist practically finished it from memory. This portrait, though destined for America, was, it appears, never sent thither; a few copies were afterwards painted by West, the purchaser of the original being Mr. Joy, of Hartham Park, Wilts, but it is now (I believe) in the possession of Mr. Horace Kent, of Plumstead, Kent.

There are three crayon sketches by Count Alfred d'Orsay, belonging to the period of 1823, which exactly correspond with Lady Blessington's description



LORD BYRON, IN ALBANIAN COSTUME (1810).
(From the Painting by T. Phillips, R.A.)

Moore's "Life of Byron" (1838 edition). Mr. Richard Edgecumbe has recorded in *Notes and Queries* another by the same artist, but I have not succeeded in tracing its present destination. It has been engraved by Meyer (1816), Holl, and Scriven, and (on wood) by W. Linton.

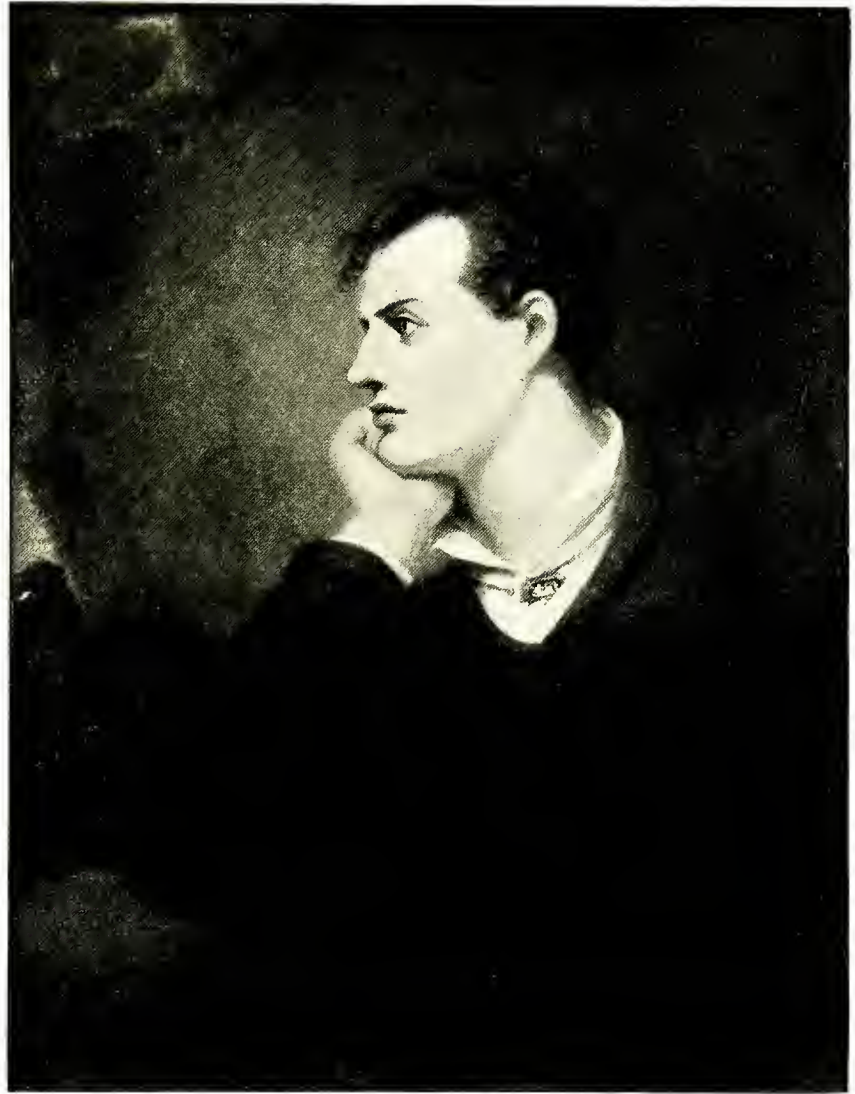
A silhouette of Byron, cut in paper by Mrs. Leigh Hunt, represents the poet as he appeared after his daily ride at Pisa and Genoa (1821-22). It is a full-length, in profile to the left, portraying him seated on a chair, on the back of which he rests his right arm, while he holds a riding-whip. This curious presentment of Byron was engraved (as a white figure on a black ground) by S. Freeman

of Byron's general appearance, and, in fact, were executed for the Countess; although varying in detail, the same pose is preserved in each drawing. One is a half-length, in profile to the left; the second drawing is similar, with the exception of a cap being added; and the third presentment is a full-length, with head uncovered and the forehead more receding. This drawing, which is very slight in treatment, is in the South Kensington Museum. In the collection of Byron portraits at the British Museum, there is an engraving from a picture by the versatile Count—a presentation proof from the artist to Sir W. Ross. The engraving is by F. C. Lewis, and was published by Graves in 1845; of the original painting I can obtain no further particulars.

Varying statements have been made concerning the appearance of Byron, especially with respect to the colour of his hair and eyes; but the admirable pen-portrait by his personal friend and biographer, Thomas Moore, certainly bears the stamp of authenticity. He says that the poet's beauty was of the highest order; his eyes, a light grey; his head, remarkably small; the forehead, though a little too narrow, was high, and appeared more so from his having hair shaved over his temples; his curly hair was dark-brown and glossy; his nose, though handsomely was rather thickly shaped; his teeth, white and regular; his complexion, colourless; his hands were very white and small; and his limbs somewhat long, to which he attributed his being a good swimmer. I may mention that Disraeli had Byron in his mind when describing, in his "Venetia," the beauty of Hubert.

Lord Byron died in 1824. Of the posthumous portraits, the noble statue in marble by Thorwaldsen takes precedence. A number of Byron's admirers raised by subscription the sum of £1,000 for this statue, which was begun in 1829 and sent to England in 1834. The head is a repetition of the bust made

by this sculptor in 1817, as already described. Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, the British Museum, and the National Gallery were each in turn considered as appropriate places for its reception; but all refused to receive it, and the statue remained for several years unpacked in the vaults of the Custom House. Its exclusion from



LORD BYRON (1813).

(From a Painting by R. Westall, R.A. In the Possession of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.)

the Abbey naturally led to an animated controversy, and the statue was eventually accepted as a gift by Trinity College, Cambridge, and now stands in a prominent position in the College library. In addition to a small sketch of the statue, there are two plaster-models in the Thorwaldsen Museum at Copenhagen.

In 1876 there was a proposal to erect a memorial bronze statue of Byron in Piccadilly, and the accepted design was that sent in by Richard Belt,



LORD BYRON (1816).

(From a Portrait by Sir T. Lawrence, in the Possession of Frank T. Sabin, Esq.)

a pupil of J. H. Foley, R.A., and a student of the Royal Academy, whose name figured prominently in subsequent *causes célèbres*. The statue, which, on completion, was placed in Hyde Park, represents Byron on a rock in a contemplative attitude, with right elbow resting on knee, and the cheek reposing on the palm of the right hand; the poet's favourite dog, "Boatswain," nestles at his feet, looking wistfully upwards into his master's face.

A writer in *Notes and Queries* (April 7, 1883) makes mention of a portrait of Byron by Géricault, bequeathed by M. Bruyas to the Fabre Museum at Montpellier. There are also, a curious painting of him by F. Sieurac (engraved by J. T. Wedgwood), a portrait by Gandellini (engraved by R. Cooper), and a drawing by Deveria, 1824 (engraved by Lacour). Other posthumous presentments include two busts by E. H. Bailey, R.A. (exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1826, and Suffolk Street, 1827, respectively), and a bust (exhibited in 1828 at the latter gallery) by W. K. Tate. *Apropos* of Byron's attempt to restore Greece to her ancient freedom, some curious lithographic portraits of him were published in London and Paris in 1825-27, one of which ("from a sketch in possession of the Comte Demetrio Deladezina, in Cephalonia") represents him wearing a helmet

of the proper classical shape, gilt, with his motto, "Crede Byron," upon it; two other helmets of a like character were made for his comrades, Pietro and Trelawny. A full-length portrait by "Croquis" (D. Maclise, R.A.), published in Parry and Gamba's "Account of the Last Days of Lord Byron," was accepted by Leigh Hunt as an excellent likeness. A bronze medal was executed by A. J. Stothard in 1824, having on the obverse a profile portrait of Byron, and the reverse three laurels surmounted by clouds and lightning-flashes, with a legend in Greek, "Ever Immortal;" round the edge is the dedication, also in Greek. Another medallic portrait, by William Woodhouse (an apprentice of Mr. Halliday, of Birmingham, who afterwards made several important medals), is interesting from the fact that it was his first essay at his profession, and gained for him the silver medal of the Duke of York from the Society of Arts. The reverse has an ancient Greek warrior resting at a tomb, which bears the words, "Byron, Nat. Jan. 22, 1788, Mort. Apl. 19, 1824," the motto being "Nomen Fasti Miscet Suis Græcia Memor," and in the exergue, "Missolonghi." And lastly must be mentioned Mr. J. W. Wyon's "Collas process" medallion, which is an excellent presentment of Britain's famous bard.



LORD BYRON (1817).

(From the Bust by Thorwaldsen.)



EVERY time I go to Holland my wonder grows at

its want of popularity with English holiday-makers. It lies close to our own doors.

The journey to the Hague is pleasanter than that to Paris, and not much longer, while it costs a great deal less. Once at the Hague, you can live in a hotel looking out on a deer-park, and thence, day by day, you can overrun all the main body, so to speak, of Holland. Amsterdam, in the north, is only fifty minutes away, while strung on the line between it and the political capital are Haarlem and Leyden. Westwards you can go by the Rhine Railway to Gouda, with its cheese-market and its wonderful stained glass, to Utrecht, and to such picturesque and little-visited places as Nimeguen, Arnhem, and Bois-le-Duc. Five miles to the south the spires of Delft, with their memories of William the Silent and of De Hooch and Vermeer, rise above the level fields. Fifteen minutes in the train take you to Rotterdam through the distilleries of Schiedam; another twenty minutes, and you arrive at the jewel of South Holland—the fascinating little city on the Maas which was the birthplace of Cuyp. Each of these places can be visited—and seen as holiday-makers see things—between breakfast and dinner at your Hague hotel; and on your passage in the trains you will never want to read. Between April and October the Dutch landscape is delightful. The sky is high, and the eye roams for leagues across the luscious flatness of the pastures, picking up all sorts of charming detail on the way. In the

foreground the storks and herons, and flocks of plover, help the piebald cows and the high-crested, leggy horses to give an aspect at once familiar and strange to the scene. The wide stretches of verdure are helped in their perspective by the red sails of the barges on the invisible canals, and by the windmills—or, rather, wind-pumps—in their unbroken sequence out to where they dip below the horizon. And the farmhouses, with their roofed hayricks, their clumps of trees, and the embracing ditch which serves as a private defence to each, are still much as they were painted by Paul Potter two centuries and a half ago. Nowhere, not even in Touraine, or in the Highlands of Scotland, or on the line between Nuremberg and Vienna, is the eye more glued to the window than it is on the “Hollandsche Staats Spoorweg.” The country is a continuous picture. One element of its charm lies in its visibility, in the wideness of the panorama, and in the magnificence of the great perspective of white cloud and blue sky unrolled above it. Another lies in the happy groups into which things sidle as you rush past them on the level. A third element is the delicious colour. The green fields, interlaced with strips of blue where the ditches reflect the sky; the purple-brown cottages, with their red-and-green shutters; the red roofs; the white and green palisades; the yellow sails of the barges; the black bodies and restless white arms of the windmills; the black-and-white cows, relieved here and there with a red one—all these make up a palette used by Nature for harmony in her own mysterious way; and the impression is not broken when you enter a town. The colour follows you into the streets. Rotterdam and Amsterdam are monotonous, but the other old



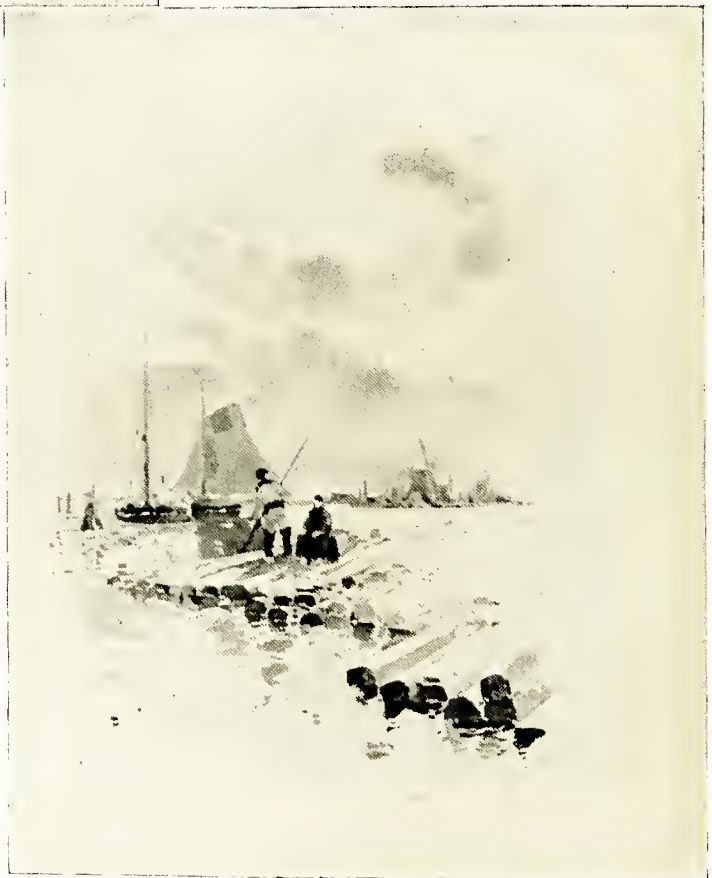
THE QUAYS, DORT.

Dutch cities are like so many trays of varied fruits. Lively contrasts, tuned by the limpid air, meet you at every turn. De Hoochs are all about you. The seventeenth century has persisted into the nineteenth, and innumerable vistas open before your eyes, which want nothing except one slight change in costume to be true to the pictures of Van der Heyden and Vermeer.

Within the last ten or fifteen years, indeed, the jerry-builder has started operations on a large scale. Round Amsterdam, the Hague, and Rotterdam regiments of mushroom houses have sprung up. The author of "God's Fool" gravely declares that their flimsiness seriously affects the sale of newspapers and books! The walls are so thin that three families club together to take in a newspaper or to buy a novel. These are read aloud in the middle house, while those on each side listen! So the publishers are going to law; but, so far, this kind of thing is practically confined to the three chief towns. At Haarlem and Leyden, at Delft

and Dordrecht, you can still walk round the beautiful gardens which have replaced the old walls and have little outside you in the way of bricks and mortar. These cities lie like islands in the surrounding verdure, which seems to lap on their fringes like the sea on a coast.

Perhaps, in spite of what I began by saying, those who go to Holland for the first time should commence with Dordrecht, for the characteristics of the country are summed up in it as they are in no other town; and they should go there by the Maas, which is simply the tidal Rhine. You arrive at Rotterdam from Harwich in good time for breakfast. Directly afterwards you can go on board the boat, which starts from near the Rhine Railway terminus, and in about two hours you are at your destination. The arm of the Maas navigated by the steamer is about as wide as the Thames at Putney. You stop continually at little wayside piers, and you have, as a rule, to dance a sort of *chassé croisé*



A TIMBER-POOL, DORT.

with the fleets of sailing barges making their way to Rotterdam. When you have gone eight or ten miles you will see, rising over the flats to your right, a square mass, in which, if you are a student of pictures, you will recognise a friend. The church tower of Dordrecht is apparently unchanged since the days of Cuyp. Its simple lines are still crowned with the four dials in their clumsy frames, and the brick buttresses below are just as they were left by the vicissitudes of the Spanish occupation. Half an hour after you first catch sight of this landmark the channel you are following suddenly opens almost at right angles into one much wider. On the farther side, lying low upon the water, Dort appears embosomed in trees. A dome of emerald copper, the church tower, a few gigantic windmills, and the masts of shipping rise above the roofs; but the whole seems dwarfed by the huge bowstring girders of the railway bridge on the right. This bridge, with its sister at Rotterdam and its big brother over the Hollandsche Diep, is a great deal less hideous than most iron viaducts, but its size knocks everything out of scale. We feel we have parted from a disagreeable companion when we get out of its sight. The steamer threads its way across the wide, ship-dotted channel, and comes to beneath the copper dome. The bell rings, and you land among a crowd of thin, wide-trouserred, silk-capped men, and of women with the flowing caps and improbable cork-screw defences of the South Hollander. The best hotel in Dort is just before you, and after you have taken a room and deposited your bag you can sally out into streets as paintable as the Venetian canals.

The first thing you will notice, if you do not put your visit off too long, will be the people's civility. Many of the better-dressed men, and all the wearers of any sort of uniform, will salute you as a visitor to be made welcome. When I first went to Dordrecht, some twelve years ago,

this custom was universal, and my hand had to be constantly at my hat. Now it is less general, and in a few years, I suppose, will be a thing of the past. Not long ago the same pleasant custom survived in the smaller show-places at home.



SHIPPING OFF DORT.

Hawthorne was charmed by it at Lichfield. Its growing disuse in a town like Dort comes not so much, I fancy, from the number of travellers, who are still few and far between, as from their neglect to return the salaams. It is inconvenient to be always touching one's hat, and convenience is a modern god.

Dordrecht has two long sinuous streets—one runs from the quay to the station, the other from the quay to the church. The chief difference between them and a street at the Hague, for instance, lies in the rarity of vehicles. Along one a tramcar jingles every twenty minutes or so; along the other nothing passes except hand-carts,

and now and then a wedding or a funeral. The rest of the town is all bridges and *grachts*, with their lining quays. The population on the water by the Black Forest, for wines from the Rhine, for the manufactures of every city to be reached by the multitudinous arms of the Maas. And



A FOOTBRIDGE, DORT.

must be almost as dense as in the houses. The inner harbours are connected with each other and with the longer canals by frequent short channels, and the whole is crowded with every sort of canal and river craft. Ever since the Middle Ages Dordrecht has flourished. Thanks to her easy communication with the sea, with Holland and Belgium, and with all the countries served by the Rhine, she has been a point of collection for timber from

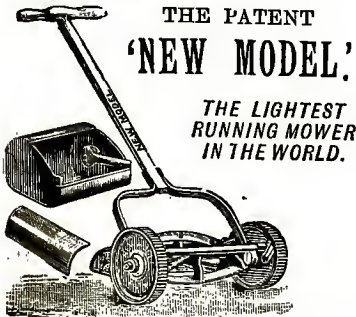
so her quays are scenes of never-ending bustle. Nothing in Europe is more picturesque than the view south-westwards across the harbour which lies in her bosom. This should be enjoyed twice in the day. You should go there at high noon, when the sun is beating down—not from a cloudless sky—on the gaily-painted barges and the swarm of people busied about them; on the cooks who chaffer at the gunwales of the floating shops;

LAWN MOWERS FOR 1894.



The Patent "Excelsior" Roller Lawn Mower—Best for Gardeners.
The Patent "New Model" is the Best Side Wheel Mower for Amateurs
The Patent "Excelsior" Horse Power Lawn Mower—Best for Cricket Fields, &c.

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.



THE PATENT 'NEW MODEL'

THE LIGHTEST
RUNNING MOWER
IN THE WORLD.

"NEW MODELS."

SIZE.	PRICE.
6 in. ...	20/9
8 in. ...	29/0
10 in. ...	45/9
12 in. ...	54/0
14 in. ...	62/5
16 in. ...	70/8
18 in. ...	78/11
20 in. ...	87/2

CARRIAGE PAID.

COLLECTING BOXES EXTRA.

6 in., 8 in., and 10 in., price, 4/2, 12 in., 14 in.,
and 16 in., 6/4; 18 in. and 20 in., 8/4.

"EXCELSIORS."

SIZE.	PRICE.
6 in. ...	24/11
8 in. ...	36/5
10 in. ...	54/1
12 in. ...	68/6
14 in. ...	85/8
16 in. ...	101/9
18 in. ...	116/4
20 in. ...	124/7

CARRIAGE PAID.

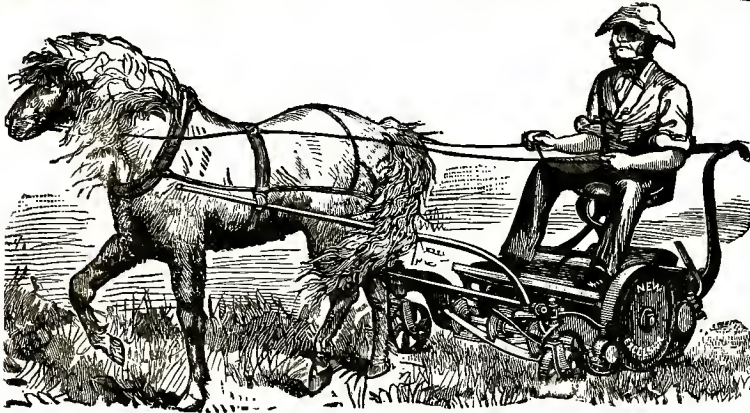
THE PATENT 'EXCELSIOR.'

THE SIMPLEST AND BEST
LAWN MOWER
FOR ALL REQUIREMENTS.



THE PATENT "EXCELSIOR" HORSE-POWER LAWN MOWER.

The "Excelsior" received the First Prize for
Horse Power Lawn Mowers from the Royal
Horticultural Society.



PRICES.

CARRIAGE PAID.

25 in. Machine, including Collecting Box, £11	12 0
30 in. " " "	14 9 0
35 in. " " "	20 15 0
40 in. " " "	24 18 8

Shafts, Seats, and Castor Wheels, 67/0 extra,
if required.

Whippetrees, 8/0 extra, if required.

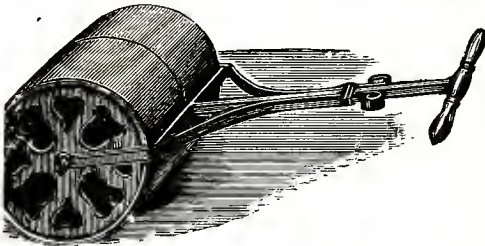
The Prices for both Hand and Horse Power Machines, include
Carriage to any Railway Station in Great Britain. No Charge
for Packing Cases.

IMPORTANT POINTS FOR CONSIDERATION WHEN SELECTING A LAWN MOWER.

The Patent "Excelsior" is a Roller Lawn Mower, and the best for all requirements, whether for Amateurs or Gardeners.

The "Patent New Model" Lawn Mower is the best American or side wheel type of Lawn Mower. It is the lightest running Lawn Mower made. It is not recommended as equal to the Roller Lawn Mower, though it is a great favourite with Amateurs on account of the small amount of labour it entails. It is of first-class workmanship, and equal in finish to the Patent Excelsior, the difference being not in quality of knives or materials, but in the method of construction, it being impossible to obtain the same velocity by means of the side wheel action, as by means of the Roller action.

Used in the Gardens of Her Majesty The Queen, H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, by the Nobility and Gentry, in the Public Parks, and in thousands of Private Estates and Gardens in the United Kingdom.



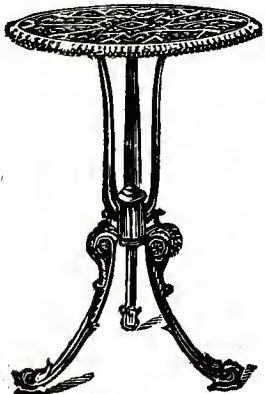
No. 1.—Single Cylinder. Carriage Paid.

Size.	Weight.	Prices.
	Cwt. qrs. lbs.	
16in. by 16in.	1 1 20	22/0
18in. " 18in.	1 3 0	26/0
20in. " 20in.	2 2 14	36/0
22in. " 22in.	3 1 4	43/6
24in. " 24in.	4 0 2	48/0
27in. " 27in.	5 1 16	68/9

No. 3.—Double Cylinder Carriage Paid.

Size.	Weight.	Prices.
	Wide. Dia. Cwt. qrs. lbs.	
18in.	16in. 1 2 16	28/0
20in.	18in. 2 2 8	34/6
22in.	20in. 2 3 17	39/0
24in.	22in. 3 1 1	47/9
26in.	24in. 4 2 0	57/6
28in.	26in. 5 2 9	69/6
30in.	28in. 6 3 14	83/0

Drawings and Prices
of
Cricket Ground Rollers
for
Hand, Pony, or
Horse Power
on application.



No. 3.—Garden Table.
ins. high, 20 ins. dia. Bronzed
and Varnished. 7/6 each.

Detach and Post
with
½d. Stamp.

For Instructions
see other side.

½d. Postage.

O'BRIEN, THOMAS & Co.,

123, Queen Victoria Street,

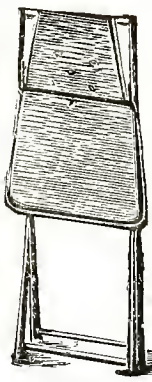
LONDON, E.C.

OPEN.



No. 49. — Iron Folding Chair, Portable, Strong and Cheap. Invaluable for halls, garden parties, &c. Specially adapted for hiring. Weight 13 lbs. Size Folded 2ft. 8in. x 15in. x 2 in., Painted Black, with sheet iron Japanned Seat and Back. 4/6 each.

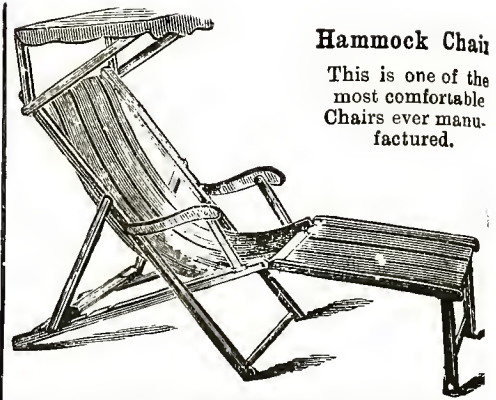
Carriage paid in dozen lots at 48/0 per dozen.



FOLDED.



No. 50.—Iron back spline Wood Seats, Oak painted. Price 2/10.



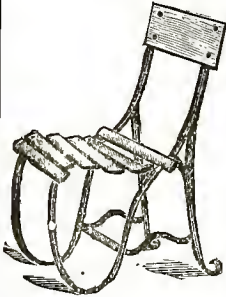
Hammock Chair

This is one of the most comfortable Chairs ever manufactured.

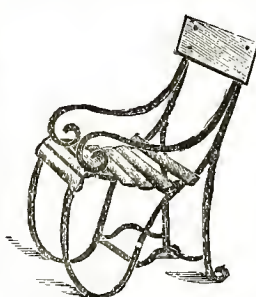
No. 10a—With Canopy, Elbow Rests and Foot Rests, complete ... 8/9 each.
No. 10b—Similar to above without Canopy 6/3 ..
No. 10c—Similar to above, without Canopy or Elbow Rests ... 5/2 ..

GARDEN OR LAWN CHAIRS with Wrought Iron Frames, Painted.

Seats and Back Laths made of Selected Pitch Pine. Varnished and well finished.



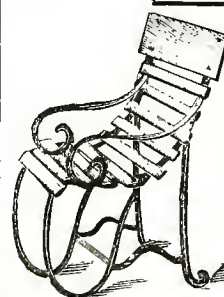
No. 1 Strong 8/0 each
No. 2 Light 6/6 ..



No. 1a—Strong 9/9 each.
No. 2a—Light 8/3 ..



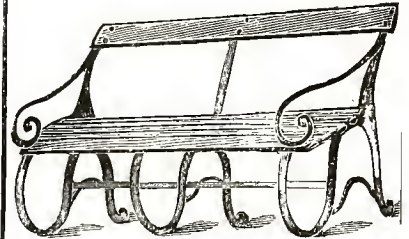
No. 1b Strong 9/6 each
No. 2b Light 8/0 ..



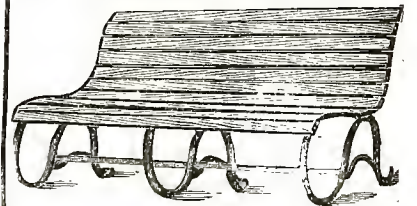
No. 1c Strong 11/3 ea.
No. 2c Light 9/9 ..

GARDEN or LAWN SEATS

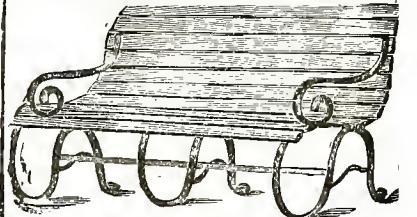
Wrought Iron Frames Painted, Seats and Back Laths made of Selected Pitch Pine, Varnished, and well finished.



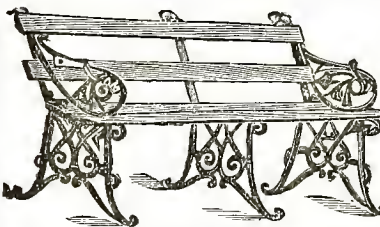
No. 5a.
Sizes 54 inches long and under 16/0 each.
.. 56 to 72 inches long 19/6 ..



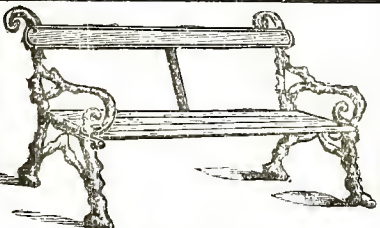
No. 5b.
Sizes 54 inches long and under 17/0 each.
.. 56 to 72 inches long 20/0 ..



No. 5c.
Sizes 54 inches long and under 19/0 each.
.. 56 to 72 inches long 22/0 ..



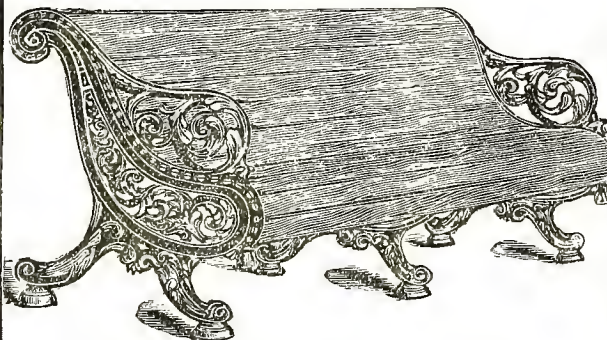
No. 11a—With Bronzed Cast Iron Legs.
54 ins. long and under ... 16 6 each.
56 to 72 ins. long ... 19/0 ..



No. 8.—Rustic Design.
The ends of this seat are Painted and Varnished in imitation of Oak.
54 ins long and under ... 17 6 each.
56 to 72 ins. long ... 20 0 ..

No. 57.—THE PARK SEAT.

With Cast Iron Ends and Centre Leg, bronzed, stoved and varnished, Seat and Back Laths made of Selected Pine, varnished and well finished.



Sizes 6 feet long and under ... 50/0 each.
.. exceeding 6 feet and under 7 feet 52/0 ..
.. " 7 " " 8 " 55/0 ..

Our complete Catalogue of Garden Furniture, containing 64 pages and nearly 300 illustrations, sent Post Free on Application.

To **O'BRIEN THOMAS & Co.,**

189

Please forward one of your Illustrated Catalogues of

Here state
goods
required.

Name

Address

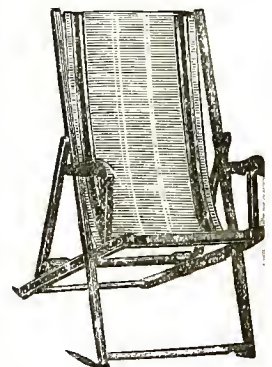
Use this Post Card in applying for Price Lists of any of following goods.

GARDEN FURNITURE.

BATHS, LAVATORIES, and all Sanitary Goods.

CHIMNEY PIECES. STOVES and RANGES.

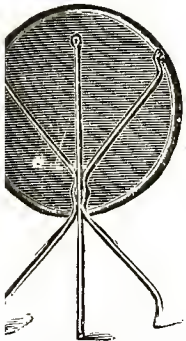
BEDSTEADS and all classes of IRONMONGERY and IRONFOUNDRY.



No. 50A.

Folding Deck or Garden Chair. 4/6 each.

AND FOLDING.



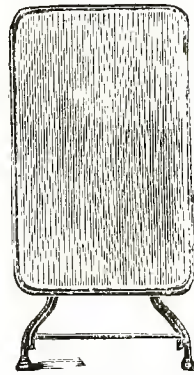
No. 57.—Folding.
 22 ins. 5/0 each.
 24 ins. 5/6 "
 27½ ins. 7/6 "



No. 56 Strong Table
 Wrought legs, sheet iron
 top, Japanned.
 Diam., 19½ ins. 4/6 each.
 " 21½ ins. 5/0 "
 " 23½ ins. 5/6 "
 " 25½ ins. 6/6 "
 " 27½ ins. 7/6 "



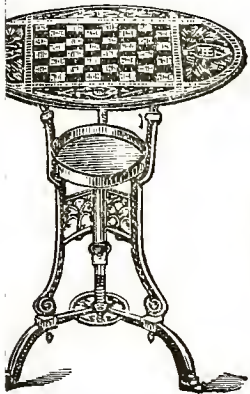
No. 59.—Folding Table.
 Spline top, pitch-pine,
 varnished.
 20½ x 22 ins. ... 5/6 each.
 31½ x 24 ins. ... 9/0 "



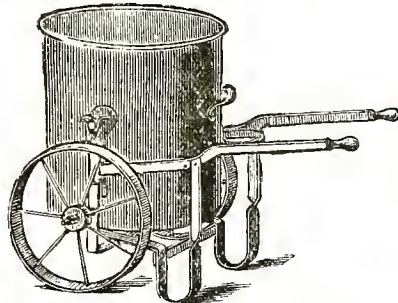
No. 58.
Oblong Folding.
 Sheet iron, Japanned.
 32 x 22 ins. 13/6 each.
 39 x 28½ ins. 15/9 "



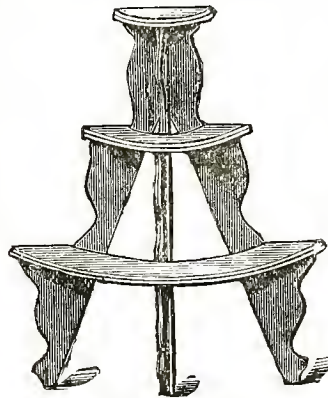
No. 7 Design.
 Complete as drawn, but
 without marble top, painted.
 9/0 each.
 Do., bronzed and varnished.
 12/0 each.
 Rouge Royal Marb'e Top.
 7/0 each extra.



19.—Garden Table.
 ins. high. 24 ins. dia.
 ronzed and Varnished.
 0 each. Carriage Paid.



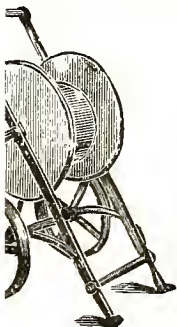
No. 12.—Swing Water Barrow.
 Painted Frame and Galvanized Body.
 To hold 12 Gallons ... 22/6 each.
 " 18 " ... 27/0 "
 " 20 " ... 37/0 "
 " 25 " ... 40/0 "
 " 30 " ... 42/0 "
 " 40 " ... 46/0 "



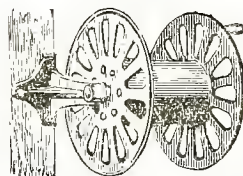
No. 73 Design.
 Hardwood Plant Stand, made of Best
 Brown Ash, varnished on the natural
 wood. 7/6 each.
 36 ins. high, 33 ins. wide, 17 ins. proj.



No. 18 Design.
 28 ins. high. 21½ ins. dia.
 Complete as Drawn.
 Painted ... 6/9 each
 Bronzed & Varnished 8/9 "
 Stand only, Painted 4/6 "
 " Bronzed
 and Varnished 6/0 "



No. 152.
"Improved" Hose Reels.
 PRICE WITH Painted/Galvnd.
 Reel. | Reel.
 00 to hold 120ft. ½ in. 7/6 8/9 ea.
 0 " 150 " ½ " 9/6 10/0 "
 1 " 200 " ½ " 10/9 12/6 "
 2 " 200 " ¾ " 13/6 14/9 "
 3 " 200 " ¾ " 16/0 17/6 "
 4 " 300 " ¾ " 18/6 20/0 "



No. 153.
 No 153 is entirely a New
 Design, and will be found
 very useful for small gar-
 dens, stable yards, &c.
 It is very strongly made,
 and cannot get out of order.
 Price 5/0

"SPECIAL" GARDEN HOSE.

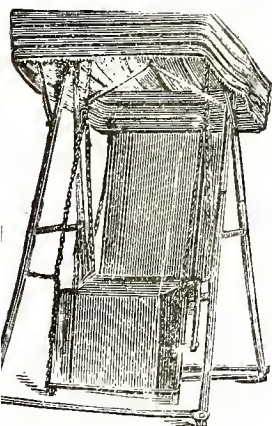
LIGHT, STRONG AND SERVICEABLE.
 When ordering this kind, please say Special Garden Hose,
 otherwise the usual Delivery Hose will be sent.

Internal Diameter	½ in.	¾ in.	1 in.	1 ¼ in.	60 ft. lengths.
1 Ply	0/2½	0/3½	0/3½	0/4	0/5½ per foot.
2 Ply	0/3½	0/3½	0/4½	0/5	0/6½ " "
3 Ply	0/4	0/4½	0/5	0/6	0/8 " "

"ARMOURED HOSE."

Best quality Grey India Rubber Delivery Hose, "Armoured."

Internal Diameter	½ in.	¾ in.	1 in.	1 ¼ in.
2 Ply	0/7	0/8	0/9	0/11½ per foot.
3 Ply	0/8	0/9½	0/10	1/1 " "



1.—Shown in use as an
 ordinary Arm Chair.

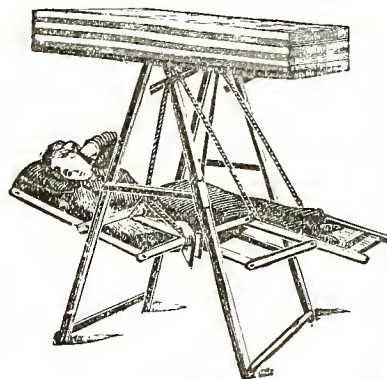
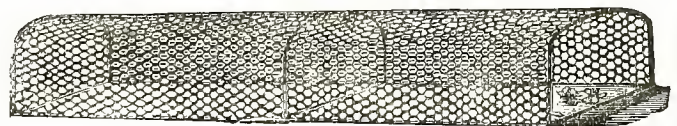


Fig. 2.—Shown in use as a
 Hammock or Bed.

No. 30.—Swing Hammock Chair.
 With coverings and pillows complete. Extremely comfortable.
 Best Quality 33/6. Second Quality 28/6. Carriage Paid.

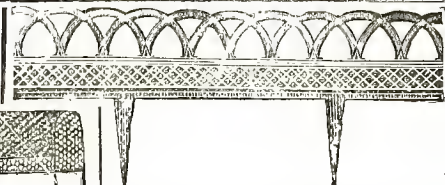


Strawberry Plant Protectors, Galvanized.
 72 ins. long, 18 ins. wide, 12 ins. high ... 1/8 each.
 18 ins. long, 18 ins. wide, 12 ins. high ... 0/9 "
 Ends 3d. each.

**Galvanized
 Pea Protectors.**



3 ft. long, 6 ins. wide, 5 ins. high.
 4/0 per doz. 45/0 per gross.
 Carriage Paid.



Iron Garden Border, No. 2.
 6½ ins. high, exclusive of prongs.
 Per length of 3½ ins. 0/11 ea.



No. 4 GARDEN VASE Iron
A size, 9 in. by 12 in. 3/0 ea.
B " 12 " " 16 " 6/6 "
C " 15 " " 19 " 10/6 "
Pedestals suitable, B C and D sizes.

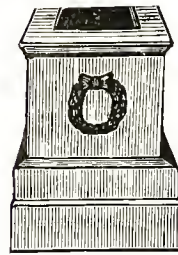


No. 3.—GARDEN VASE, Iron
A size, 11 by 8 1/2 in. 3/0 each.
B " 17 " 9 " 6/9 "
C " 21 " 13 " 15/6 "
D " 30 " 10 " 32/0 "

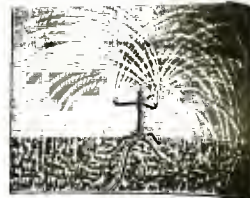
Pedestals suitable—
A size for A size Vase
B " B "
C D " C "
E " D "



No. 1 DESIGN, Iron.
A size 16 by 19 in. 11/6 ea.
B " 18 " 22 " 17/6 "
Pedestals suitable, B C and D sizes.

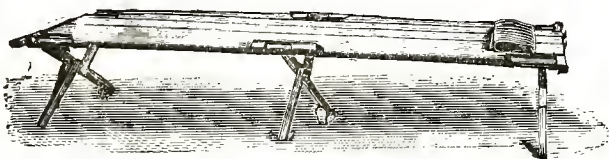


No. 2.—PEDESTAL.
A size, 6 in. high, 2/3 each.
B " 8 " " 6/6 "
C " 16 " " 9/6 "
D " 20 " " 11/6 "
E " 26 " " 27/6 "
A and B sizes are without wreath.



No. 4. AMERICAN LAWN SPRINKLER
Small ... 9/9 each.
Large ... 11/6 "
This Sprinkler has a revolving head, and covers a large area of ground according to pressure. A splendid fountain effect is produced when at work.

FOLDING CAMP FURNITURE.



BED OPEN.

Guaranteed to support over Half-a-Ton.

No. 8.—FOLDING CAMP BEDSTEAD.

Size open, 6 ft. 2 in. long by 2 ft. 7 in. wide by 13 1/2 in. high. Size closed, 37 in. by 4 1/2 in. by 6 1/2 in.

Weight 16 lbs. Price 26/6 each.



BED CLOSED.

No. 29. FOLDING CAMP CHAIR.



OPEN



SIDE VIEW CLOSED.

Weight, 5 1/2 lbs. 8/0 each.



OPEN.



CLOSED.

No. 34.

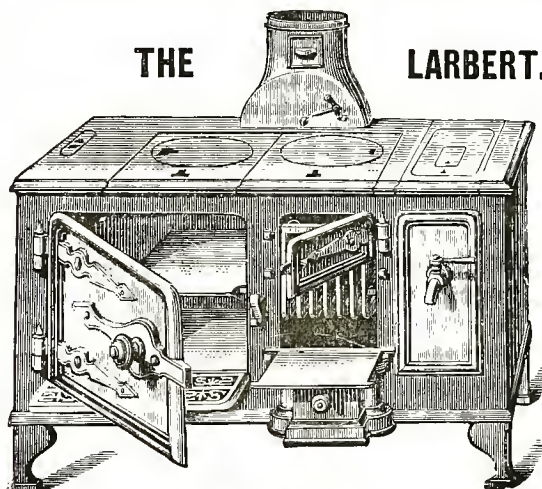
FOLDING CAMP STOOL

2/0 each.

OUR COMPLETE CATALOGUE OF GARDEN FURNITURE

contains in addition to the selection of designs shown on this leaflet a large selection of other designs of Garden Rollers, for water or sand ballast, Cricket Ground Rollers for hand, pony or horse power, Garden Vases in Iron and Terra Cotta, Garden Chairs and Seats in great variety, Rustic Furniture, Garden Tables in various patterns, Fountains, Lawn Sprinklers, Garden Engines, Hose Pipes and Hose Fittings, Water Pots and Garden Tools of all kinds.

THE LARBERT.



THE "LARBERT" RANGE.

The Pioneer of Portable Ranges.

Invaluable as an Auxiliary Range for use in Summer.

Sale over 200,000.

	Width.	Sizes of Ovens.			Price.	If with
		Long.	Deep.	High.		
Oven Only ...	20 inches	9 inches	13 inches	12 inches	£ s. d.	Open and
" " " "	24 "	10 "	13 "	12 "	1 7 6	Close
" " " "	26 "	12 "	13 "	12 "	1 12 3	arrang
" " " "	28 "	12 "	13 "	12 "	1 14 6	ment,
" " " "	30 "	14 "	13 "	12 "	1 19 6	4/9 ext
" " " "	32 "	12 "	13 "	12 "	2 3 3	Can also
" " " "	33 "	12 "	13 "	12 "	2 5 9	be suppl
" " " "	36 "	14 "	13 "	12 "	2 7 0	with Ho
" " " "	38 "	14 "	13 "	12 "	2 7 6	Closets
" " " "	38 "	16 "	14 "	12 "	2 17 0	from
Oven and Boiler...	28 "	10 "	13 "	12 "	2 6 3	10/0 to 14
" " " "	30 "	12 "	13 "	12 "	2 8 6	extra.
" " " "	32 "	12 "	13 "	12 "	2 10 0	
" " " "	36 "	14 "	13 "	12 "	2 17 0	
" " " "	42 "	16 "	14 "	12 "	3 14 6	

O'BRIEN, THOMAS & COMPANY, London.

Show Rooms for Furnishing Ironmongery,

Such as Bedsteads, Cutlery, Electro-Plate, Gas Fittings, Lamps, and all classes of Household Ironmongery, are at

123, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

Show Rooms for Sanitary Goods,

Such as Baths, Lavatory Basins and Stands, Water Closets, Sanitary Castings, and Plumbers' Fittings, are at

125a, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

229, UPPER THAMES STREET, E.C.
(COMMUNICATING.)

Show Rooms for Builders' Goods,

Such as Chimney Pieces, Stoves, Ranges, Tiled Panels and Hearths, Railings and Gates, Stable Fittings, Locks and Fastenings, Door Furniture, Screws, &c., are at

228, UPPER THAMES STREET, E.C.

White Lion Wharf, 17, UPPER THAMES STREET

WRITE FOR CATALOGUES OF ANY GOODS YOU MAY REQUIRE.

Whether requiring Goods or not, a visit to our Show Rooms will be exceedingly interesting, and every courtesy and attention will be shown to visitors. Our Salesmen have strict injunctions to press nobody to purchase when they call merely to inspect the rooms.

on the porters unloading the gigantic lighters which have been crawling hither, perhaps for months, from the other end of France; on the colour lies the supreme charm of Dort; and colour does not tell as colour while the sun is still high above the horizon. It is afterwards, when the



THE CHURCH, FROM THE FISH-MARKET.

sparkling line of water, which is all we see of the harbour itself; on the low houses, each with its crane and its gaping *grenier* above, and its housewife washing or knitting below; on the circle of grateful trees; and on the great church at the end, rising high-shouldered against the sky like a watchful mother.

Under the sun all this gives an extraordinary picture of gaiety and life; but the scene is even more fascinating when the dusk comes on. In

last rays are just gilding the tower of the Groote Kerk, that the red roofs, the groups of tawny sails, the patches of sombre scarlet where sailors' under-garments hang out to dry, the green sides of the barges, with their gay top-hamper, the brilliant notes of brass, the dark verdure of the trees, and the backgrounds of weather-beaten, purple brick, put on a deep transparency, and sing together in a rich symphony of colour.

Some of the houses in Dordrecht tempt fortune most extravagantly in their dealings with their own centre of gravity. It is quite common to see an ordinary house three feet out of the perpendicular. Just behind the hotel there are two

from the centre of the town up to the church. Houses back on to it on either side, the water laps against their walls, and the tradesmen deliver their wares from boats just as they do in Venice. Here and there a bridge leads from a lane on



THE OLD CHURCH, DORT.

which show a dislocation of more than a yard at the top, measured by newer buildings beside them. Such an appearance reminds one of the legend which declares that when the Maas burst its dykes on the night of the 18th of November, 1421, the city was carried *en bloc* from its site, and that the neighbours had some trouble in finding it next morning! The curious situation of the town is due to this same flood. It lies at the northern apex of a triangular island, surrounded by arms of the Maas, and is the capital of an archipelago called the Biesbosch.

Some of the Dort waterways are very like a Venetian canal. One such long water-street leads

the one hand to a twin lane opposite, and gives a point of view. Here, again, the charm lies almost entirely in colour. Coat these purple houses, with their bright roofs, their gay shutters and balustrades, in the soot of Manchester, and you will have something hardly more picturesque than the Irwell.

The edges of Dort have a charm of a different kind. In the summer evenings a military band plays at the railway station, and there the people promenade. All round the city, on the line of the old *enceinte*, runs a grove—a sinuous band of trees, with a ditch on either side. Little bridges are thrown across the waters at every few yards, and

each bridge leads up to some coquettish retreat with a fancy name—"Mijn Lust," "Alwijsheid," "Als Ikh Kan," are among those I remember—painted over the door. Now and then a gigantic windmill—for sawing wood, as a rule—breaks into

the pages of Motley; but something must be said of Dort's chief claim to remembrance in a periodical dealing with art. It is the birthplace of Albert Cuyp. He lived chiefly at a *maison de campagne*—we could not call it a country house



SAWMILLS ON THE NORTHERN DYKE, DORT.

the row, a relic of the day when the city rampart still stood high above the plain. As you near the Maas the mills become more frequent and the houses humbler, until at last you debouch on the tail end of the quay, where little wooden shops face the water and the people about have the listless roll and the lack-lustre eye of the seaman ashore.

This is scarcely the place to talk of the historical glories of Dort, of the first meeting of deputies from the United Provinces in 1572, of the famous Synod which settled the form of the national religion, or of other events chronicled in

—on the outskirts, called "Dordwijk." He is supposed to have painted only as an amateur, and to have been by trade a brewer. His forerunner and exemplar was Jan Van Goyen, whose frequent choice of Dordrecht as a subject proves the two men to have had many opportunities of meeting and of affecting each other's work. The tower of Dordrecht appears in countless Cuyp's and Van Goyen's, so do various bits still to be identified in the neighbourhood, such as the ruins of the tower of Merwede. Cuyp died in 1691, and was buried in the Groote Kerk.

GLIMPSES OF ARTIST-LIFE.

THE ARTIST'S "GHOST:" A STUDY IN EVOLUTION.—I

By M. H. SPIELMANN.

IN lifting the corner of the veil to glance into the least reputable of all the scenes of artist-life, I am doubtless undertaking an unsavoury and ungrateful task. Without personal risk, without danger from the bravoës in whose land he strays, no man can tread the path that leads across that slum. Not that the territory is in these later days of great extent or thickly populated. The unhappy *genus* of the "artist's ghost" is on the way to being as extinct as the ichthyosaurus or the dodo: and might be quite so were the matter properly faced. But the question bristles with risks and perils; and as the venturesome historian of this seamy side of artistic inner life advances along the Cloacula, its denizens, resentful of such temerity and fearful as to its results, turn and strike at his Achilles' heel. Not the "ghosts" themselves, be it understood—they stand aside with far less personal interest in their concealment; or they may even abscond should complications threaten to arise. Their employers it is who lie in wait for him who has the hardihood to expose their methods and seeks to lay the illicit wraith; and between Frankenstein and his Monster he who would do the work must accept the anxiety that falls to him who has a wholesome dread of slander in the spoken word, or of libel in the written.

For the reputation, the very artistic life and commercial career of the employer of the "ghost" depends upon a reputation unsullied in the public estimation. He must pose as an original artist of talent. And as the onus of proving artistic fraud must necessarily fall on him who brings a charge, nothing more than a little harmonious swearing would be required to keep that fair name superficially sweet and clean. And why should he whose sense of honour may be already dulled, hesitate to stretch a point when so great an interest is at stake? For this reason it is, perhaps, that I find myself the first who has ventured to treat frankly of this subject in its wider bearings. Others before have explored, and fully, the selfsame region of human frailty and human folly; but none of them, so far as I can ascertain, has ever proceeded to the point of setting forth the result of his investigations.

It is, I admit, with some hesitation that I have included the talented though luckless spook in these glimpses of that honourable profession of which he is but the mercenary. But, regarded as

a subject for investigation and examination, he is certainly interesting in himself as a type. His existence up to quite recent times cannot seriously be denied; and though the experienced and the worldly-wise would naturally shrink from the task of crushing him in a court of law, his undoubted existence is a matter of common knowledge and of common talk in circles of judicious men, with bated breath and whispering cautiousness.

Thus far I have carefully refrained from specifying the industrial spirit as the "*sculptor's* ghost." "Ghosts" there have been, and "ghosts" there are in the other branches of the arts. They are the camp-followers alike of painter, architect, sculptor, and engraver, reminding one of Mrs. Rouncewell's respectfully conservative view in "*Bleak House*" that "ghosts are the privilege of the upper classes." Wherever, indeed, you find men of more ambition in their profession than talent and of more commercial ability than honour, whether in art, in literature, or in any other profession, there you may expect to find the "stubborn unlaïd ghost," who walks at night, or secretly by day, in his employer's study or his studio, executing the work to which his master complacently affixes his own name: "*Pecksniff fecit.*"

I should make it clear at once what I understand by an "artist's 'ghost'"—if only because those who use this term are not altogether in harmony on the precise shade of its signification. The "ghost," as an artist's confederate, is the logical successor to the "devil," just as the "devil" is the corrupted "assistant," and the assistant the full-fledged version of the "disciple" or the "apprentice." In the old days, as I shall amplify further on, an artist took many pupils who, as they progressed in their art, were permitted for their own advancement to assist the Master, until this assistance was often less for their good than for the master's convenience. Then, if these pupils saw little likelihood of coming themselves to the front and beating or competing with their teacher on his own ground, they would be content to remain in his service in the same capacity, as willing drudges of a skilful kind.

Before long the over-shrewd painter, or sculptor—for the best artists have nearly always been capital men of business—perceived that with "assistants" of high ability, of ability, perhaps, equal to his own, but with less opportunity of

establishing their fame, or maybe with less of the personal and persuasive charm of the born salesman, he could undertake a far greater number of commissions than with the inferior help of even the more advanced among his pupils. So the "devil" arose, and set the mark of his hoof on this traffic between artists—a traffic, however, of which the public was not habitually kept informed. By degrees, however, the public awoke to the little trick, and took a higher view of the matter; with the result that the employment of the "devil" was kept quieter than ever. But at the same time a state of things still worse and more dishonourable came slowly about: the commercial-minded assistant of the old days turned the tables on his master; and we find the less competent man employing an artist of greater ability than himself to do work of which he is incapable, but which he is glad to sign. Why not? he asks; his ability lies in the direction of obtaining commissions either by courtliness of manner, genius for intrigue, or talent for advertisement—without which all the artistic power in the world may be useless in these degenerate days. So he remains the middle-man in complete commercial harmony with his spiritual partner; but as the public still harbours quaint superstitions as to an artist's talent and the charm of character and individuality in his work—has not yet, in short, been educated into the idea that a bust made by a Firm or a picture painted by a Limited Company is all that is necessary, even though it be turned out "in the best style"—the existence of the degraded master and his sad plight of position and honesty were kept studiously secret: and the "devil" developed into the spectral body known nowadays as the "ghost."

It thus appears to me that a clearly-defined line may be drawn between the respective practices of employing a "devil" or a "ghost." In either case, the signing by an artist of a work of art not from his hand is clearly dishonest; but whereas in the former case the employer is really competent to do the work himself and, in point of fact, may ease his conscience with the reflection that had the work been deficient he would have put it right could he have found the time, in the latter the fraud appears in all its infamy, for the signatory is himself quite unable to do work of the same standard—he is obtaining credit for and building up a reputation on the work of another and a better artist whom he holds in thrall—and is enjoying the emoluments and the credit which, but for his secret assistant, would have gone to a better man. Though the moral obliquity be much the same thing in both cases, the delinquency is

vastly greater when the "devil" is turned out-of-doors and a "ghost" regularly called in.

* * * * *

The extent to which the Old Masters availed themselves of the services of their assistants is familiar to all who have made any study of the history of art. But that assistance up to the time of Rubens had not yet developed into anything so extensive and peculiar as to call forth any particular remonstrance. Raphael, it will be remembered, who had "assisted" Pinturicchio as a lad, employed a little army of clever assistants, among whom were Penni, Giovanni da Udino, Giulio Romano, Rodolfo Ghirlandaio, Pierino del Vaga, and Andrea Sabbatini. The name of the first mentioned artist should be especially dear to Englishmen, for it is probable that there is far more of his work than of Raphael's on the great cartoons we boast at the South Kensington Museum; while the handiwork of the others in the Loggie and on canvases of the master has done much to establish their reputation, though it was hardly required to sustain that of their over-worked employer. Wynants, too, employed many for the insertion of figures into his pictures: men whose names have descended honourably to us on their own merits—Ostade, Wouvermans, Linglebach, Van Tulden, and A. Van de Velde among the rest. The last-named, not confining his assistance to his master Wynants, worked similarly for Ruysdael, Hobbema, and Van der Heyden, and his kinsman, Esaias Van de Velde, placed his brush at the disposal of whoever would employ it. Adrian Van Utrecht did the same. Van der Werff in his youth devilled for Van der Neer, and Theodore Van Tulden, in the matter of small figures, for Neefs, Steenwyck, and others. So Peter de Wit worked for Vasari, Weenix for Waterloo, Dionysius Vidal for Velasco, Curradi and Balducci for Battista Naldini, Rondani for Correggio, Antonio Rossi for Franceschini, Giovanni Ruggieri for Francesco Gessi, Cornelius Schut for Daniel Segers (and for many more besides, especially in the way of painting in the bas-reliefs into the flower-pieces which were so fashionable in his day), Franck for Verhaecht, and Tideman for Lairese. When Gasparo settled in England, he "assisted" both Sir Peter Lely and Sir Godfrey Kneller. Barent Appleman painted backgrounds for John de Baan; Hans Graaf and Van Bredael inserted the figures into the landscapes which Faistenberger painted for the Emperor in Vienna; and Audran and Genoels helped Lebrun in his "Battle of Alexander." J. F. De Fries was a great employer of artistic labour; and the mighty Titian did not disdain external contributions of help. Rubens, Snyders, and Jordaens would reciprocate courtesies on the others' pictures,

each in his own particular line, and our own Sir Thomas Lawrence would employ Harlow, Howard, Pegler, the Simpsons, Etty, and others, nominally as "drapery-painters," but really as a good deal more.

The "drapery and hand-painters," indeed, were the journeymen painters who executed a considerable proportion of their employers' pictures. Though Van Aachen probably confined himself to the draperies on Hudson's pictures, John Wycke painted in the "battle-backgrounds" on those of Sir Godfrey Kneller (as in his "Duke of Schomberg on Horseback") and Vergazon added what Wycke left untouched. For the heads, apart from the first general design, were what monopolised the attention and execution of the more distinguished artists. The "drapery-painters" were formal to a degree in their arrangements; and the story is well known that when an artist insisted on his assistant varying the cast-iron rule of painting the figure with a hat under the arm and painted it in himself upon the head, the intelligent drapery-man still adhered religiously to the convention and painted a second hat in the usual manner in the accustomed place.

I have kept back reference to the custom of Rubens, as to the open and extensive practice of that artist is due the first revolt of the painters' client that I know of. Not that it was he who instituted "devilling" on a big scale. Coignet, better known to some as "Giles of Antwerp," had long before begun by employing Cornelius Molenaer to paint his landscape and architectural backgrounds, and ended by establishing a school which was to be not so much an academy for young painters as a factory for the production of "Coignets." These his employees painted in considerable numbers, to which, after a slight re-touching, the *patron* signed his name. Now, Rubens' work is estimated to consist of more than a thousand undisputed works—many of great size, and elaborateness of subject and of conception. Though so great a master had no need of "ghosts," he had many "devils"—about a couple of hundred, from the beginning to the end, most of whom are known, and of whom Teniers the elder, Peter van Mol, Erasmus Quellin, Van Egmont, and the Chevalier Jacques Fouquières are perhaps the worthiest. These men were all educated in the Rubens manner; and on receiving a sketch from the employer's hand would carry it so far on the canvas that merely a few touches were all that it received to give it the final stamp of the master's individuality. The practice was well known—and objected to; for we find Rubens making solemn engagements that such-and-such a picture which he sold as his must be painted by himself. And again, the correspondence is extant between Rubens and Sir Dudley Carleton, the British am-

bassador at the Hague, from which it appears that the diplomatist returned a "Lion Hunt" upon the painter's hands as experts declared that "the picture was not by him, or at least not worthy of him."

The facts, as displayed in Her Majesty's State Paper Office, throw so much light upon the practice, that I deem it sufficiently interesting and important to set the matter forth more fully by quoting from the original documents, edited by Mr. Saintsbury.

Sir Dudley Carleton was really acting for the Prince of Wales (afterwards Charles I.), and he employed more than one person as his agent in his dealings with the painter. One of the principal was Master W. Trumbull, to whom Rubens wrote:—

"Antwerp, January $\frac{1}{10}$, 1620-1.

"SIR,—The picture that I have painted for my Lord Ambassador Carleton is quite ready and securely packed. . . . If the picture had been painted entirely with my own hand, it would well be worth twice as much. It has not been gone over lightly by me, but touched and retouched everywhere alike by my own hand."

Moreover, the picture was known to be a copy, for Master Toby Matthew, another intermediary of the Ambassador, and a man alike of shrewdness and humour, wrote to Sir Dudley that

"the originall was a rare thinge and sold to y^e Duke of Bavaria for a hundred pound starlinge. . . . Rubens confesses in confidence y^t this is not all of his owne doing, and I have thanked him for this confession, for a man who hath but halfe an eye may easily discern it."

The picture was forwarded to London, and was instantly repudiated. On May 27 Lord Danvers wrote from St. James's to Sir Dudley Carleton:—

"But now for Ruben; in every paynters opinion he hath sent hether a peece scarce touched by his own hand, and the postures so forced, as the Prince will not admitt the picture into his galerye. I could wishe, therefore, that the famus man would doe soum on thinge to register or redeem his reputation in this howse,"—

for it was certainly true that the Prince of Wales, for whom the Ambassador had ordered it, and who was well known to be a fine judge of art, would have nothing of Rubens' touch, the painter himself would not declare a "masterpeece."

So in good time "Rwben," as Trumbull called him, wrote to the latter, under date Antwerp, September $\frac{3}{13}$, 1621:—

"SIR,—I am quite willing that the Picture painted for my Lord Ambassador Carleton be returned to me and that I should paint another Hunting piece less terrible than that of the Lions, making abatement as is reasonable for the amount already paid, and the new picture to be entirely of my own hand without admixture of the work of anyone else, which I will undertake for you on the word of a gentleman. I am very sorry that there should have been any dissatisfaction on the part of Mons. Carleton, but he would never let me understand clearly, though I often entreated him to do so, *whether this picture was to be an entire Original or merely one touched by my own hand.** I wish for an opportunity to put him in a good humour with me, although it should cost me some trouble to oblige him," &c.

* In the original: ". . . si ceste piece devoit estre un vray Original entierem^t, ou seulem^t touchée de ma main."



THE LATE SIR ANDREW CLARK, BART., M.D.

(From the Painting by G. F. Watts, R.A., in the Royal Academy Exhibition. Engraved by Jonnard.)



THE STORY OF BOAZ AND RUTH.
(From the Painting by F. W. W. Topham, R.I.)

THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1894.—II.

BY THE EDITOR.

“IT is only the disease of the unskilful to think rude things greater than polished.” With these words, printed in the preface to *The Alchemist*, Ben Jonson threw down the gauntlet to the impressionists of his day; and with the same words—now exalted by time into an aphorism—the Royal Academy proclaims to the world the attitude it has assumed, and still maintains, in relation to the modern “schools” that subscribe not to all the articles of the orthodox creed. But a careful examination of the contents of this year’s Academy exhibition reveals the fact that the academic profession of faith is more dogmatic, more intolerant even, than its practice; and that whatever may be its own opinions, its respect for those of others is at once more generous and more genial than has hitherto been the case. For the first time in the history of the institution a *luministe*, working frankly according to one method of his sect, has been admitted; and the older stagers rub their eyes as they gaze and ask if this—*this*, which would have been wildly impossible here in Monet’s own day—is the forerunner

of stranger times to come, when the *fumistes* will take shelter beneath the sacred roof-tree of Burlington House, and prepare the way for their latest and wildest offspring that may claim kinship with the arts—the *pipistes*.

Regarded as a whole, the Academy exhibition has many points of special interest, many features of novelty. In the first place, it has happily no work which the public can acclaim “the picture of the year.” We say happily, as the ordinary popular “picture of the year” has the usual effect of dazzling the critical eye of the public and blinding it to the merits of other works of equal, if not of greater, technical excellence. In the second place, as we have pointed out, a *luministe*, Mr. Tom Griffiths, has been accorded wall-space for his clever rendering of “The Shepherd.” In the third, a painting entirely decorative in plan, scheme, design, and colour, has been included among the pictures; tacit admission being thus accorded to the claims of decorative art which aspires to an equal place beside oil-paintings—as they are generally understood by that public

for whom the Academy so specifically caters. It is true that this is not the first time that a ceiling-painting, or a frieze either, has played its part among what were once so curiously called "pictures of art and nature;" but no contribution of Sir Frederic Leighton's has ever departed so far from the likeness of anything that is in

idea, for all its revelry of gorgeous pigment and its apparent recklessness of composition. Other features there are in this exhibition which shall be dealt with as the occasion arises, the present order of notice being that adopted in previous years, portraiture—in some respects the *bonne bouche*—being kept till the last.

The best of the single-figure subjects are this year more than usually noticeable; and it is remarkable that mental retrospection of the whole exhibition brings back the memory less of the important efforts at composition and movement, than simpler, and, as it happens, more dignified examples of arrangement. Sir Frederic Leighton's four main contributions are practically single-figure subjects, two of them warm and joyous in key (the "Summer Slumber," most happily imagined and carried out, and "The Bracelet"—both charming and tender pieces of colour), and the other two relatively colourless. In the latter the artist has sought to inspire our more elevated emotions, hushed sympathy, and unutterable longing for the calm and unattainable in the "Spirit of the Summit;" and a cold respect for "Fatidica," who, in superb attitude, decorates a canvas of silver and grey, in which the sole touch of dry colour is in the faded bay-leaves at her feet. A world of meaning lies in Mr. Watts's picture of a man's back view—a back clad in splendid attire, "For he had great possessions;" and the whole composition, simple as it is, is eloquent of the reason why "he turned sorrowful away." The technique and quality of this small canvas are far finer than at first appear, so reserved is it in manner.

Some years ago Mr. Waterhouse gave us "The Lady of Shalott" floating down the stream. Returning to the subject, he paints her now before the loom, her face full of wonder mixed with fear, while at her feet are the fallen balls of wool—balls of lake, green, blue, and yellow—which give the colour to the picture, a lovely harmony that pervades the whole canvas and fits superbly the sentiment of the poem. Mr. Dicksee's mediæval clairvoyante in "The Magic Crystal" is sitting in a scene of Byzantine splendour, the colour rich, the draughtsmanship irreproachable, and the imitation complete. All the same, the figure strikes us as being somewhat too large for the frame. Mr. Tadema is much



"WHERE LATE THE SWEET BIRDS SANG."

(From the Painting by F. Walton, R.I.)

the heavens above or in the earth beneath as this contribution of the new Associate, Mr. J. S. Sargent. His lunette and portion of a ceiling for the Public Library of Boston, U.S.A., at first sight runs riot in idea in a great glory of gold and harmonious colour; but a little study of it shows with what thought and consummate skill the artist has rendered the 106th Psalm, and symbolised the many false shrines at which the people had worshipped, and the many nations to whom they were forced to bend the knee; and all this *olla podrida* of Egyptian and Assyrian art, Buddhist, Mahomedan, and the rest, with gold and mock jewels and modelled ornamentation,

the same as usual in a deft and tender little canvas in which the marble-painting is again the chief attraction; but among the younger men it is Mr. Gotch who succeeds in impressing the spectator most with his sincerity and intensity of feeling. It may well be objected that "The Child Enthroned" is too obviously a girl; but the refinement of the drawing, the almost Gothic conviction of feeling carries it in triumph over the dangers that always threaten such conventions as these. Mr. Stott's "Awakening of the Spirit of the Rose" is an attempted repetition of his success at Suffolk Street a few years ago; but what the picture has gained in drawing it has lost in feeling and colour. Nevertheless, we are always ready to greet such individual works as this.

It must not be supposed that the imagination of our painters has been stagnant during the past year, although—as we have pointed out—the public has done so little to stimulate it by encouragement. In one case at least, however, we must confess to a little disappointment, precisely because the painter, by his superb talent, has earned total independence of popular favour, even though his own ideal he never achieved. We refer to Mr. Swan, from whose "Orpheus" so much was hoped. That this work contains many passages of the greatest beauty, whether of draughtsmanship or colour, none will deny—that sky, and beasts, and trees, and foreground are all admirable is beyond question. Yet it appears to us that the painter produced the picture while his artistic views were in a state of transition, the background and the figure being conceived in his earlier manner and the animals in the later. Nor is the figure of Orpheus himself—especially about the neck—entirely clear; nor the artist's view quite manifest in making so dignified and mournful a lover execute a sort of egg-dance among the panthers. Yet in spite of all this the picture is a fine one—for Mr. Swan with blemishes is worth most of the other exhibitors without.

Another work of remarkable ability, but in quite another direction, is the work of a young painter who has lately made rapid strides in his profession. This is "The Sea Maiden" of Chastelard's poem, by Mr. H. J. Draper. In its own

way the picture, with the clear working out of the subject, is a triumph. Nevertheless, Mr. Draper has failed to make the best use of contrast at his command. The splendid blues and greens of the sea are not balanced by the characterless drapery that is meant to balance them, nor is the swarthy skin of the men's flesh insisted on in relation to the brilliant and dazzling skin of the



THE CATERAN'S COURTSHIP.

(From the Painting by Lockhart Bogle.)

elf-like woman they have caught in their net. This figure is, of course, the eye of the picture, and, in spite of somewhat faulty drawing of a limb, is in itself a distinct creation. Mr. Bunney, the Australian painter, and Mr. Moira both strike the fanciful note, the former tenderly, the latter more vigorously; and Mr. Arthur Hacker, with the "Morte d'Arthur" for a subject, revives for us in Sir Percival, who is here halting between the fair witch's spell and the cross of the sword, the recollection of Sir Galahad, of chivalrous and holy memory.

The tender qualities of Mr. Boughton's "Ordeal of Purity," tenderer in colour even than is the

artist's wont, are as obvious in his paint as in his subject-matter; and there is, besides, a touch of humour in the group of Backbiting, Folly, and Vice, as they point at the saint-like figure that passes by in sanctity and devout indifference. Sentiment of a wider range is given by Mr. Alfred Goodwin in his "First Christmas Dawn." The idea is not new. The composition is a reminiscence of the vast conceptions of Gustave Doré and John Martin, but if only for the ingenuity of the combination, the artist would deserve praise. He has certainly realised the vastness of vaulted space upon his canvas; but it is in our admiration for the subtle beauty of the blue which pervades it that he would doubtless seek his reward. In Mr. John Bacon's "Confession of Love," too, we are glad to recognise a vast improvement in this clever painter's colour-sense, an improvement which attends on a departure from the usual domestic scenes hitherto affected by him. There is passion in it as well, of a kind; though necessarily of a different sort from that which distinguishes Mr. George Hitchcock's "Mary at the House of Elizabeth"—one of the two or three religious pictures of the year. Indeed, the absence of religion from the walls is one of the most striking and significant features in this year's Academy.

Once more we prove our enormous inferiority to the French as battle-painters. Messrs. Crofts, Wollen, Stanley Berkeley, Woodville, and Charlton are equal masters of action and "go;" but in every case their pictures are in fact illustrations on a large scale. To this two exceptions must be made: the first, the beautifully drawn "God Save King James," by Mr. Andrew Gow—a party of mounted Jacobites clandestinely met—which may be called Meissonier-like for firmness of pencil and excellence of draughtsmanship and expression; and the second, Mr. Seymour Lucas's splendid "Call to Arms"—a scene of all the pomp and circumstance of war, full of vigour, expression, colour, and invention.

Scenes of life are less striking than usual, especially those of the dramatic order. Mr. Langley is, perhaps, as successful as any with "Never morning wore to evening, but some heart did break;" but we have seen this heart-broken girl and her sympathising mother many and many a time before. At the same time we admit that we are glad to welcome the couple once again, seeing with what genuine power and feeling they are rendered. Miss Henrietta Rae contributes a large canvas of "Psyche Before the Throne of Venus," which is very remarkable in its conception and execution. This elaborate composition, full

without being crowded, graceful in the drawing of its figures, dainty in its appreciation of feminine beauty, delicate in its tones and tints, is a work we hardly expected from a woman. But we instinctively feel that the painter has never quite grasped the greatness of this scene of classic mythology—the figures, with all their charm, are not inhabitants of Olympus, but denizens of an ungodly earth. The composition would be benefited by the removal of the dove in the foreground. A new note, new in its grimness, is struck by Mr. John Hassall in a scene in which a despairing widow is about to drop the curtain on her weary life. The charcoal fire is already glowing on the floor, and the wretched woman makes ready for the verdict of "Temporary Insanity."

The last of the subject-pictures—though in many respects one of the most important—to which we call attention, is Mr. Abbey's "Fiammetta's Song." This is a beautiful piece of decoration, entirely Italian in conception and atmosphere, full of space and breadth, so happy in its composition and in the true Italian character of its mediævalism that we willingly forgive the exaggerated height of all his upright figures.

Numerically speaking, the nude is more satisfactorily represented than usual; but among the greater number of skilful studies there is no particular point calling for special attention. Professor Herkomer's ambitious effort in this direction is studied with great care, but we are not sure but that the lovely landscape background of "All Beautiful in Naked Purity" does not secure much of the admiration that was intended for the figure. Monsieur Bouguereau sends one of his pretty little effeminate Cupids, "Amour Piqué," which, although it is nude, can hardly be called a serious study of flesh-painting. Mr. Altson also gives us the nude in his "Golden Age," but ideally, after the style of Puvis de Chavannes, but in the manner rather of Aublet. There is here no suggestion of flesh; it is merely for outline and its value in a large composition that the artist has cared. Mr. Tuke, on the other hand, in his brilliant picture of "August Blue"—naked boys bathing in a magnificently painted sea—has looked for colour rather than for form (it is a great pity the sky prevents this notable work from being a complete success); while Mr. Harcourt's "Psyche: Farewell!" a fine, columnar-like figure of Rossetian inspiration, is used chiefly to reflect the orange light of the setting sun.

(To be continued.)

Most of the pictures here referred to will be found in ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES (the Academy supplement of this Magazine), now in course of publication.

A Song



Ere Day was ripe upon the Hill,
When Blackbirds looked for Breakfast still,
I met a lovely Country Jill —
A gossipy Girl
A blossomy Girl
A blossomy Girl in Muslin.

'Tis Time alone that lives on Bliss,
The men he drives must have & miss,
I thank him that I once did kiss
A gossipy Girl
A blossomy Girl
A blossomy Girl in Muslin.

ART IN THE THEATRE.

THE ART OF DRESSING AN HISTORICAL PLAY.

By SEYMOUR LUCAS, A.R.A. ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.*

THE adequate "dressing" of a play is now considered by all theatrical managers of first rank to be a matter of the highest importance. It was

for the entrance and exit of the players, labelled with placards on which, in order to assist the imagination of the spectator, the scene of the incident was written or printed in bold letters, a few wigs and beards, a pasteboard crown or two, and a few changes of trunk hose with vests to correspond, would nearly complete the list of "properties" recognised as essential, until Davenant and Betterton, in the reign of Charles II., made a complete change in this respect, and introduced from France and Spain those newer and more satisfactory methods of stage representation which have ever since prevailed.

The playgoer of to-day expects that his enjoyment shall be enhanced by correct pictorial presentment; and the expectation is likely to grow. The public is even now in a position sufficiently to appreciate artistic excellence; and the conditions under which plays are produced are consequently such as are likely to afford still greater opportunity to the artist and the antiquary. It is, then, from the point of view of the latter that it is proposed to deal with the subject of this article.

It must surely be to everyone a source of genuine delight to watch the performance of a play well mounted and carefully dressed. Well-painted scenery and accurate costume not only assist the imagination of the onlooker, they cannot fail to be



SIR WILLIAM ASHTON, THE LORD KEEPER.

not always so. It is now generally known that in the days of the early renaissance, the golden age of the drama so far as literary excellence is concerned, performances were conducted without scenery, and with but little attempt on the part of the performers to dress the part. A curtain for a background, conveniently divided to allow

* We are indebted to Mr. Henry Irving for permission to reproduce these sketches for the costumes for *Ravenswood*.

a very real help to the actor. On the other hand, garish and inharmonious colouring, bad grouping, inaccurate costume, and all sorts of historical and antiquarian anachronisms inevitably tend to weaken in the minds of the educated the illusion produced by the very highest histrionic talent. As it has been my good fortune, in the course of the last few years, to assist in the production of four plays, the Editor has sought the result

of my experience. One of these plays, *Werner*, was not submitted to the test of continuous presentment; the other three will probably be well known to most of the readers of this Magazine. Two of them have been Shakesperian revivals—*Richard III.*, by Mr. Mansfield in 1889, and *Henry VIII.*, by Mr. Irving in 1892. The third was a dramatic version of Sir Walter Scott's novel, "The Bride of Lammermoor," which was produced by the latter at the Lyceum Theatre under the title of *Ravenswood*.

The first concern of an artist is naturally in respect of colour effect. In the painting of a picture, it will be readily understood, the scheme of colour must be in sympathy with the idea which it is intended to express. In a good painting there is no jarring note. The sentiment of colour, if it may be so expressed, should correspond with that of the incident depicted. It is the same with theatrical tableaux. As a rule a play will assert with unmistakable clearness its own claims in this respect—it will suggest its own colour. *Ravenswood*, for instance, calls for a treatment in sombre greys, whilst *Henry VIII.* at once suggests gold and brilliant reds. It is of importance in arranging scenes to contrive that both principal and subordinate actors should be dressed with an eye to relative chromatic value. It should always be the endeavour, therefore, to make the costumes of the leading characters the salient points of colour in any scheme. On the score of dignity as well

as of artistic effect it is well to keep those points at once simple and strong. A costume designed in several colours, which is much cut up with trimmings and rich jewels, or kept too low or too neutral in tone, however beautiful it may be considered as a thing apart, loses immensely in dignity when it is placed in juxtaposition with those of the rest of the players in the scene. Good acting and strong dramatic situation are wonderfully enhanced by attention to this simple rule. An instance of this, which will be as well re-

membered as any, is the hunting scene in *Ravenswood*, in which the strong point of colour is the red habit worn by Miss Terry, a dress which acquires force by its very simplicity; whilst the whole scene gains in subtlety and dignity by the



CAPTAIN CRAIGENGELT.

harmonious blending of the colours which take their tone from this clear key-note. It must not, however, be considered that the use of positive colours for the principal dresses is alone to be advocated. The same artistic laws govern the making of fine stage tableaux as the painting of good pictures. Fine colour is rarely, if ever, positive; and it must always be remembered that the strong lights employed on the stage have the effect of making even subdued colour brilliant. This was particularly noticeable in the Lyceum revival of

Macbeth, which was dressed by Mr. Charles Cattermole. There was abundance of fine colour, but admirably controlled, and managed, it may truly be said, with considerable skill.

From the point of view of the actor, it is a misfortune to be dressed in garish and spotty colour. Good acting involves much subtle facial play; but much of this is lost when the spectator's attention is violently diverted in another direction. Of course it is not always possible to do just exactly as one would like. Absolute freedom is sometimes restricted by the regard which must always be paid to historical accuracy; but a little contrivance within lawful limits will do much to lessen the inconvenience. The art of skilful dressing is to combine fine colour results with archæological consistency. There is much more scope for the indulgence of artistic fancy in the case of a romantic play, or in that of an historical one whose motive is found in remote mediæval episode, such as *Becket*, than in one like *Henry VIII.*, for which there is ample and accessible authority. But in all cases a certain amount of artistic licence, always within legitimate limits, is not only permissible but essential.

In devising colour effects in any given scene a good plan is generally this: Obtain as many pieces of silks and stuffs as you can possibly get from the costumier of the kind which you are likely to want, in yard lengths or thereabout; and then placing that which represents the keynote, or those which constitute the salient points of colour if there be more than one, in the middle of your studio floor, dispose selections of the rest in various ways about it (or them) with a view to obtaining various accidental harmonies, and keep changing, altering, and rearranging them until you succeed in getting a really fine effect.

From the purely artistic point of view of course colour is the main thing; but the quality of realism, that subtle suggestiveness of actuality which pervades a first-rate production, is infused by care in another and still more important direction. To produce the finest results it is necessary that regard should be paid to even the smallest matters of archæological detail. It need hardly be said that this involves infinitely more labour than the other. Few people would imagine the amount of careful research which is involved in the production of a play like *Henry VIII.* It is very far from sufficient for even a good archæologist to rely on his own unaided knowledge. The artist, on being entrusted with the book of any proposed play, must read it carefully through; and then, from his own acquaintance with the period, decide generally on the character

of the costume to be worn by the principal actors. Then he goes to whatever sources of information are open to him, which afford contemporary evidence upon the points on which he requires particular enlightenment. He does this in order that he may ensure absolute accuracy in everything, down to the very smallest and least important point of detail. In the case of *Henry VIII.* valuable assistance was derived from contemporary paintings by Holbein, and from the State Papers of the period. For a judge's robes the only evidence that could be obtained was that of a monumental effigy on a tomb which was sculptured in that reign. Not unfrequently long journeys had to be made in order to obtain the necessary information. One of the most reliable pieces of evidence for King Henry's costume was a portrait in Belvoir Castle, of which the Duke of Rutland kindly permitted a copy to be made. For the dresses of the pages, heralds, and gentlemen-at-arms reference was made to the illuminations in the celebrated "Warwick Roll" at the Herald's College, from which the officials courteously allowed the necessary drawings to be made. The Tower of London is always available for information about armour; but when Mr. Mansfield was producing *Richard III.*, it was necessary to send to Warwick to make a facsimile copy of the armour on the magnificent brass effigy in the Beauchamp Chapel of St. Mary's Church. The Spanish Ambassador to the British Court in the days of Henry VIII. was an observant and industrious scribe. He wrote long letters to his master, Charles V., accurately describing the manners, customs, costumes, and even the furniture of the English. To what extent the information compiled by him has been of service to others in the course of the intervening centuries it is hard to say; but there is no doubt that it was of the very greatest possible assistance to me at the latter end of the nineteenth. His descriptions of the everyday costumes of men and women of the period were particularly valuable. For accurate observation and careful and vivid description his account of the dresses of the women would be hard to beat. "Their usual vesture is a cloth petticoat over the shift, lined with grey squirrel or some other fur. Over the petticoat they wear a long gown lined with some choice fur. The gentlewomen carry the train of the gown under the arm. The commonalty pin it behind, or before, or at one side. The sleeves of the gowns sit as close as possible, are long, and unslashed throughout, the cuffs being lined with some choice fur. Their headgear is of various sorts of velvet, cap-fashion, with lappets hanging down behind over their shoulders like two

hoods; and in front they have two others lined with some other silk. Their hair is not seen. Others wear on their heads muslins, which are distended and hang at their backs, but not far down. Some draw their hair from under a kerchief, and wear over their hair a cap, for the most part white, round, and seemly. Others, again, wear a kerchief in folds on their heads. But be the fashion as it may the hair is never seen. Their stockings are black, and their shoes doubly soled of various colours; but no one wears 'choppines,' as they are not in use in England." This description is confirmed in every particular by a contemporary painting in Hampton Court Palace of the embarking of Henry VIII. on the occasion of his leaving England to attend the meeting with Francis on the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

In designing the costumes for *Ravenswood*, the Print Room of the British Museum was of the greatest possible service. The prints and drawings in pencil and water-colour of the time are fairly numerous, though often crude and ill-executed. These are, however, amply suggestive, and quite sufficient to enable anyone conversant with costume to obtain perfectly clear and accurate information. The collection of hunting and sporting prints and drawings was particularly helpful.

Having filled many sheets of paper and several sketch-books with archaeological and artistic notes, the artist's next step is the preparation of the necessary cartoons for the costumier's use. It is always well to make finished drawings in chalk of the principal characters in the play, in their various changes of costume, and outline drawings of those of lesser importance and the supers. In the preparation of *Henry VIII.* no fewer than 138 of these were made for the various costumiers employed. Seeing how difficult it is for tradesmen, however skilful they may be in business technique, to

translate fine colour into corresponding material, patterns should be obtained and the stuffs selected to be used in every instance. These are invariably chosen in a room darkened so as to exclude daylight, and illuminated as strongly as possible with



HAYSTON OF BUCKLAW.

artificial light. Small snippings from these are glued securely along the border of each drawing, and pencil lines are run from the pattern selected to those parts of the dress which are to be made from the pieces of which these small cuttings are the samples. It will generally, however, be found expedient to visit the costumiers oneself to see that the translation of the drawings into costume has been accurately effected. This necessarily involves the expenditure of a considerable amount of time and trouble, which some would



MONCRIEFF, AN OFFICER.

possibly think unnecessary. But by this means one is enabled to ensure absolute control of all those factors which are essential to successful picturesque representation.

The only difficulty experienced is later on with the wearers. In spite of all one's careful instructions and strict injunctions, some of them will persist in wearing wigs, coifs, and dresses with a view to the most effectual display of personal charms. It is sometimes only after repeated protests that some of the characters—the females in the subordinate parts being the greatest sinners—can be persuaded to confine themselves within legitimate bounds. It is necessary to insist on the observance of this, because such limitation is prescribed by that historical accuracy which imparts the quality of realism, invests the scene with an atmosphere

redolent of the age represented, and carries the spectator involuntarily back to the very period itself by process of artistic and very justifiable illusion. Oh, the trouble to persuade some of them to wear heelless boots, to cover up their ears with wigs, to induce nuns and such-like to conceal pretty fringes beneath wimples and coifs! But, indeed, women are not the only sinners; nor is vanity the only obstacle which the artist has to overcome. Sheer ignorance is responsible for some very comical results. Who that saw it will forget the grotesque appearance of some armed supers in *Richard III.*, who appeared at rehearsal with breastplates on their backs, back-plates on their breasts, and helmets worn in such fashion that the ocularium, or eye-hole, ventilated the back of the wearer's head, whilst the guard for the neck and shoulders was utilised as a sort of peak or shade for the eyes in front, after the fashion of the old cheese-cutter caps for boys? Again and again it has been necessary to point out how the entire character of an important piece of costume, such as a hat, has been altered by the ignorant way in which it has been put on. Nor was it less amusing on one occasion to overhear one of the supers in

Ravenswood, a young gentleman with strong stage proclivities and a fondness for dressing up, express an ardent desire to make the artist feel *a tergo* the weight of some heavy and ungainly jack boots which he had perforce to put on.

Small matters, these, you say. Yes; but it is only by attention to these small matters that perfect illusion is obtained. It is not by broad outline; but by those numberless artistic subtleties, of which the majority know and suspect nothing, that that quality is secured which invests a well-mounted play with its peculiar and indefinable charm.

It is no part of my duty here to enter into any detailed account of the scenery, though I may perhaps be permitted to express my own feeling of indebtedness to Messrs. Hawes Craven,

Telbin, and Harker for their sympathetic and altogether admirable treatment of the historical plays with whose production I was personally concerned. But there are still some matters which need to be carefully considered, not the least important of which is the relative proportion of the actor to those more solid structures in the foreground with which he is brought into immediate juxtaposition. An abbey gateway, for instance, has

dignified and realistic if the extent of the view were circumscribed, and only a portion of the massive stonework represented. In the old days of flat-painted scenery this did not so much matter; the perspective corrected all such contrasts. Now that it has become the fashion to build up the scenery solidly and in detail, the exigencies of proportion demand a bolder and less expansive treatment. The scene-painter should, so far as possible, work in



CALEB BALDERSTONE.

been seen through which some of the characters have had to pass, of such utterly inadequate proportions that it had the appearance of a rather big doorway of a fancy doll's-house. The scene-painter is no doubt influenced by his desire—a very legitimate one, if controlled and kept within reasonable limits—of making a fine picture. But one cannot help thinking that the effect would be far more

conjunction with the artist who dresses the play, and the picture which he conceives in his imagination should be one in which the grouping, proportion, and costume of the players should be allowed their full value. In point of fact, the picture should be made with due regard to all its constituent elements, as seen by the spectator at the time of presentation.

HANS MEMLING: A REVIEW.*



SEVERAL times during the past two years we have referred in these pages to the interesting researches which were being patiently prosecuted by Monsieur A. J. Wauters, Professor of Art History at the Brussels École Royale des Beaux-Arts, into the life and works of Memling. The results of those researches are now lying before us; and if it fails to satisfy us conclusively on every point which the author has set down for our consideration, it must unquestionably be acknowledged to place him in the front rank of our artistic investigators. M. Wauters belongs to the modern school of experts and critics, who set out in a judicial spirit, without prejudice or *parti pris*, to analyse and examine, to test and establish, carefully following a scent so long as it seems to direct the inquirer along the path of truth, but abandoning it at once, without remorse or regret, as soon as it appears to lead him astray. There is no attempt to justify unduly a preconceived idea, no taint whatever of the special pleader.

The most obvious merit of M. Wauters' work is its frankness and lucidity; and the various stages of his inquiries, the various links he established in the chain of evidence with something of the shrewdness of an artistic Sherlock Holmes, will satisfy most men as to the correctness of his first point. This is nothing less than the solution of the mystery of Memling's birthplace—hitherto accepted, with a sort of half-doubt, nevertheless, as being Bruges, where, to the city's undying honour, he lived and worked—and may be resumed in the author's own words: "Memling was a native of Memelingen, a village which at one time formed part of the principality of Mayence—the name under which he is known to history being merely an alteration of the name of his natal village." For the convincing nature of the proof and the piled-up evidence on which it stands, we refer the reader to the book itself.

The next point is of minor importance, but it is of singular interest to the student of Memling. In the background of no fewer than nineteen of the artist's panels a tiny figure of a knight mounted on a white horse is to be seen; and M. Wauters noting the fact for the first time submits, however, but without insistence, that this for some years was Memling's mark—in the author's favour a good deal, it may be

urged, seeing that such a "monogram" is by no means inconsistent with the practice at that time, when the fashion of signing pictures with the name or



MARTYRDOM OF ST. SEBASTIEN.
(From the Painting by Memling in the Louvre.)

initials of the man who painted them—though those of the donors were often inscribed on the frames—had not yet been introduced. And, furthermore, the reader will remember that in other of Memling's works the man and the white horse sometimes

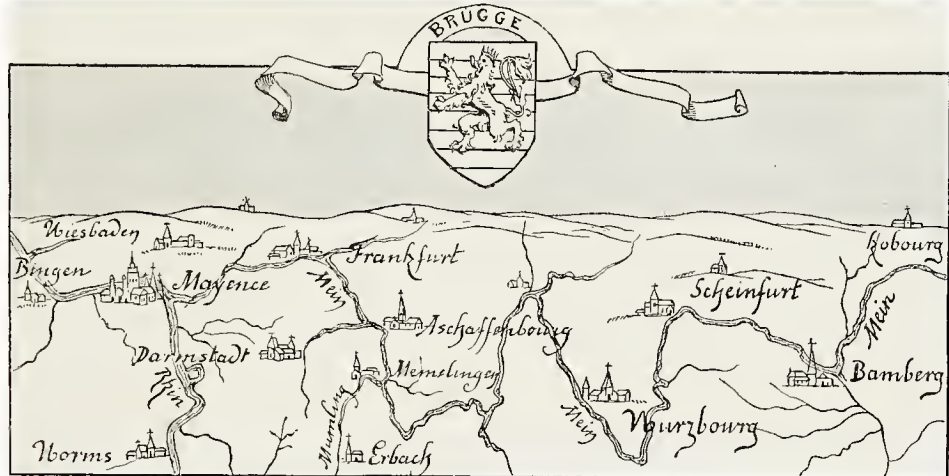
*"Sept Études pour servir à l'Histoire de Hans Memling." Contenant 70 Illustrations. Par A. J. Wauters. (Bruxelles: Dietrich et Cie, 1893.)

appear in a manner far more obtrusive than that of the little mannikin now riding into a wood, now turning a street-corner, entering or emerging from castle-gates, or disappearing, half-ashamed, into the distant background.

Next follows a delightful chapter on the musical instruments painted by Memling into his pictures, and placed in his angels' hands. In the fifteenth century Bruges was the centre of a great musical movement of more than exceptional brilliancy, and it is interesting to observe how the artist has reflected that movement in his painting, and how he has rejoiced in making his art do homage to the art of Obrecht, of Binchois, and many others of his musical friends. But this is all introductory to the *gros morceau* of the book—nothing less than the discovery by M. Wauters of the magnificent triptych of "Christ and His Angels," which, for four hundred years, had lain forgotten and unrecognised in the Monastery of Najera, in Castille! The author makes no pretence of indifference in speaking of this most notable discovery; indeed, he reaches the point nearest to enthusiasm which is to be found in his book. Upon this great work—not only great, M. Wauters claims, as a masterpiece, but literally so, having a total length of something like twenty-one feet—he may be said to have stumbled when it was in the unrecognised hands of M. Charles Stein of Paris. How the clues were followed up, establishing the place whence it was rescued, for whom it was

painted, how it probably got to Spain—all this reads a good deal like romance, and justifies the writer in his proud exclamation: "after four hundred years of absolute oblivion, this grand *chef-d'œuvre* is here restored by me to art and to history."

The remaining portion of the book is hardly less interesting, seeing that there is



MAP OF MAYENCE AND THE ARMS OF BRUGES.

little there of recapitulation and much of original research. How Memling worked for the Court of Burgundy, and at the request of Charles le Téméraire he executed a portable oratory on which he painted the portrait of the duke; how, in M. Wauters' opinion, the two Memlings in the Louvre were painted for the celebrated Guild of Archers of St. Sebastian of Bruges; and how the artist's property in Bruges was ultimately disposed of by the judge's order, occupy the rest of the book. A *catalogue raisonné* is included, and the illustrations are numerous and admirably selected. But it is impossible to see why a picture of a very modern child by M. Léon Frédéric should have been included. It is very clever and very pretty, no doubt, *mais que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*

"LORD BYRON'S VIEW, HARROW."

ORIGINAL ETCHING BY FRANCIS WALKER, R.H.A., A.R.P.-E.

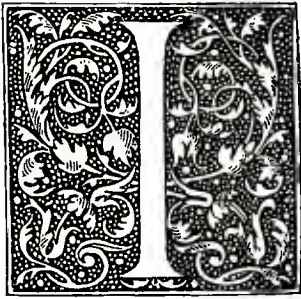
FROM Harrow churchyard is presented one of the most charming views that can possibly be seen, extending on a clear day to a distance of fifty miles. Immediately below is Harrow Weald, and away in the middle distance Uxbridge and Windsor, and a wide expanse of landscape, including in its scope portions of the counties of Bucks, Oxfordshire, and Herts. This it is that forms the subject of our frontispiece—a subject closely allied with the memory of Lord Byron, for here,

it is said, the poet, stretched out on the tomb in the foreground, composed the lines, "Written Beneath an Elm in the Churchyard of Harrow."

It may be said, in explanation, that Mr. Walker's plate is a combination of etching and mezzotinting, the lines being first etched with a view to receiving a mezzo-ground, the final result being one that cannot be obtained by either method singly. The etching is in the exhibition of the Royal Academy.

THE GREAT TAPESTRY IN EXETER COLLEGE CHAPEL, OXFORD.

BY CANON H. D. RAWNSLEY.



It is a little remarkable to find that at Oxford, which has been described by a brilliant writer of modern time as being "like the Isle of the Macraones, a lumber-room of ruinous philosophies, decrepit religions, forlorn be-

liefs," there should be evidence of such an attempt to set the lumber-room at any rate in order; to make the outside show of things architectural so fair; and to prove by deeds that its belief in Art as a fair handmaid of God, whether it take the form of architecture, music, or the stage, is neither decrepit nor forlorn. No one who, after hearing the sound of the singers of the Psalm in the cool dim Chapel of Magdalen, will go forth into the strong light and pause and look at the new buildings hard by, glance at the new Schools, or half dare to ring the bell of the portal of the palace of the Principal of Brasenose; no one who will pass on to be present at a choir festival in the Balliol Hall, or at a performance in the Oxford Theatre, will doubt for a moment that a revival is going forward, and that the wave of a wishfulness to know and profit by some of the many things that the artists of old and modern time have to tell us, is breaking over the Oxford vale. But one does not realise all of a moment that quite silently and quietly the teachers who man the College ships, have been storing them with the art-treasures of the nineteenth century, and that with a purpose. They know these art-treasures have tongues of angels—tongues that will, with their own flame, kindle fire in the hearts of the beholders, young and old.

What the man who sits—perhaps without much thought—at meat in Keble Hall gets insensibly from Holman Hunt's great picture of the "Light of the World," the same man, grown to years, will feed on with full knowledge and grow strong in the process. And now another College has determined that the men who break holy bread in its Hall of Prayer shall have a light to lighten their eyes and a lamp to which their faith also may look for its reward. There hangs now in its solemn place at the right hand as one goes up to the altar in Exeter College Chapel, a work of art, a masterpiece. It is neither in chief, work of the pencil nor the needle; it is the work of a holy spirit of

faith and true deep feeling, that has dipped its brush in colours that seem of purest dye, and set the hand-loom to body-forth the poet and the painter's mind, with patience and a glory hardly dreamable of. That bit of tapestry—a representation of the adoration of the Magi—is the work of two master-minds in love with the subject, with one another, and with the old University city, that have chosen to enshrine their highest, noblest effort.

There has not been produced in England—I think not on the Continent in this century—any master-work of the kind so glorious. Burne-Jones drew the cartoon in plain black-and-white; William Morris transferred it to the loom and chose and arranged the colours. "The idle singer of an empty day" has sung here a song neither of emptiness nor idleness—he has told England a strange new thing, and told it in such tones as can never be forgotten—namely, that England, poor machine-murdered England, has hands and can learn to use them; eyes, and can be taught to see; and still has faith in gentleness, meekness, and truth, still honours the King of all the earth.

It is a gift to the world as well as to England, this wondrous work of colour and weaving; and though I found to my sorrow that the great breathing broidery-picture had been hung in a place in which no eyes could rightly see it, to do fair justice to it; still, to the ill-lighted Oxfordian "Sainte Chapelle," as the guide-books delight to call Exeter College Chapel, the men from far countries will come to look, to love, to wonder, and to learn.

Some day, who knows, the donor of the glass window opposite may see that the same window can, without cost, be removed to a position further west and on the same side. Some day a kind of shade may be fixed between the head of the tapestry and the sill of the window immediately above, and so by cutting off the light enable us to get a fairer glance at the wonderful work. Some day an earthquake may shock into a thousand fragments the terrible great east window and some others. When that happens the tapestry will lose dust perhaps, but will suffer no great change, for it is meant for the ages.

It is not cold. The flowers are springing all about the skirts of the dark woodland, as if already they felt the winter of Hate had passed and a new season of Joy and Love were here: daisies, columbine, bluebell, and the red poppy half-awakened out



PURITANS AND CAVALIERS.

(From the Painting by H. Pile at the Salon of the Champs Élysées. Engraved by A. Bellenger.)



THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI.
(From the Tapestry at Exeter College Chapel, Oxford. Designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart.)

of sleep at the sound of the strange new-comers. Gaze at the faces of the three Kings: what eagerness is there! how forgetful of the very gifts they bring; how forgetful of the very star that guided them, are these three men! The old, turbaned, grey-bearded sheik bends first before the Baby King; for in the East old age has precedence. One looks on his face, and realises how many a night he has searched the heavens, and in vain; how many a weary year, for the Star that should tell of a truer King, he has waited in love and loyalty. Perhaps one wishes his little casket of gold were not lined with blue silk and cotton-wool. It is not Oriental enough, it is too Parisian, this casket's finish; but the patch of blue was needed just where it is in the picture, and the other matter is but of minor import, after all.

But one's eyes go from the Magi to the face of the infant Saviour. Old Giles Fletcher's words rise to mind:

"See how small room my infant Lord doth take,
Whom all the world is not enough to hold."

Then our eyes are caught upwards to the angel face that seems wrapt in deepest devotion above the head of the infant Saviour and the head of the aged Eastern King. Pearls, or daisies, or stars, are in the angel's locks, and the glory round his head almost burns with the green wonder of his folded wings. He has swept through the stars of broken worlds to lead men to the Day-star of a world as yet unbroken, and the dust of that great journey is in his hair; but in his folded hands, his hands in attitude of prayer, is a strange, new thing—a light that lightens and does not consume a bit more than that light which Moses saw, when the great I AM was revealed. In his hands of prayer, there is a glory nothing shall put out: it is the light of Love that leads to the higher life and the nobler, and brings us to the innocence of prime; it is the lamp of Truth, Truth with the many-coloured rays twisted into purest, whitest light; the lamp that goes before the seekers after Truth, whether they search

for it among the star-depths or seek it in the flowers of the field. It is the Star of Prayer, of burning aspiration, of fiery thought and steady desire that kindles the soul, of devotion that cannot be quenched. And there stands the angel—or, rather, swims in æther than stands, for the quiet, closed, and restful feet hang above the grass and the dew, and are so gracious, so tender, so peaceable, that the dew pearl falls not, and the flower is not shed beneath.

Let us look at the weird, dark background. The picture scene is painted on the margin of a wood; the forest is full of blue, twilight shade, and within its heart is set a sleeping water-pool. It was not for nothing that the forest background, with its whispers of the dark world that was, and the dark forest-worlds that still are, unlit by the lamp of God, and uncheered by the rays of Hope, should thus have been wrought upon the poet's loom. It is well to observe how accurately true to Nature the painter was, who gave the poet his great design. For where but at the edges of the wood do the flowers leap up and the birds delight to sing; and lo! how the flowers are brightening all the ground outside the grim and terrible wilderness; how from the rose-bush, that serves as a background for the Rose of all the world, the birds sing loud: "Rejoice! rejoice!"

As we rise and leave the dim-lit Exeter Chapel, we think of wondrous Gobelin tapestries we have seen at the Louvre, at the Tuileries, in the island halls of the Bonomeo's; but these fade before the marvel that has here been revealed. We thank the College that has done this good thing for the old men who will ever dream dreams, or the young men who will ever see visions, in Oxford Term. And out into the tumble and strife of common life we go; but the peace and the rest and devotion of that woven picture are around us; its colours will never lose themselves in the common light of day. Our duties now lie scattered at our feet like flowers, and behold! the Star of Prayer is in our hands.



(Drawn by C. Ricketts.)

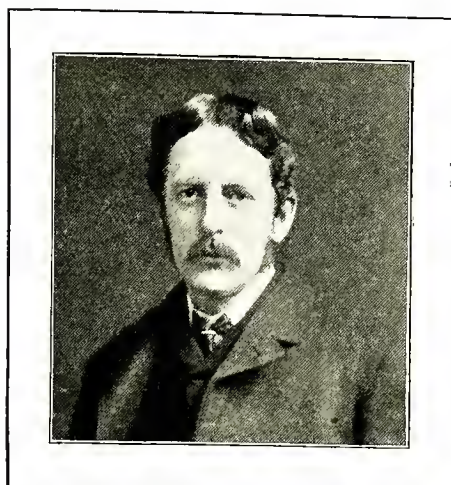
OUR ILLUSTRATED NOTE-BOOK.

REFERENCE was made in our obituary column last month to the death of Mr. J. M. Gray, for many years curator of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery at Edinburgh.

By the addition to the National Collection of the late Ford Madox Brown's picture, "Christ Washing Peter's Feet" (No. 1,394), painted in 1852, the nation is now possessed of one at least of this artist's representative works. This is owing to the generosity of a few, the picture having been purchased by subscription for the purpose of presentation to the National Gallery. To the British section has also been added the

two pictures by Henry R. Morland, entitled "The Laundry-Maid" (Nos. 1,402-3), of which reproductions are given here. "A Study of Still Life" (No. 1,401), by Pieter Snyers, has also been recently acquired for the Dutch section.

Bedford now possesses a worthy memorial of John Howard, the great philanthropist, who for many years lived at the village of Cardington, near by, and was closely associated with the county, of which he was High Sheriff in 1773. The monument, unveiled by the Duke of Bedford, stands in the market-place of the town, and, as may be seen from the illustration, consists of a



THE LATE J. M. GRAY.

(From a Photograph by W. Crooke, Edinburgh.)



THE LAUNDRY-MAID.

(From the Paintings by Henry R. Morland. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)



A STUDY OF STILL LIFE.

(By Pieter Snyers. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)



THE HOWARD MEMORIAL, BEDFORD.

(By Alfred Gilbert, R.A. From a Photograph by Blake and Edgar, Bedford.)

figure of Howard on a richly designed pedestal. The memorial is the work of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A., and is intended to commemorate the centenary

of Howard's death. It is executed in bronze, and the cost, amounting to £2,000, was defrayed by public subscription.



CHRIST WASHING PETER'S FEET.

(From the Painting by the late Ford Madox Brown. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)

PAROCHIALISM AND THE NUDE.

The extraordinary conduct of the Chief Constable of Glasgow in ordering the removal of certain well-known pictures from the shop windows of that city has naturally caused as much indignation as amusement and contempt. That official, or the authorities behind him, has actually had the assurance to declare, out of his own head, that Sir FREDERIC LEIGHTON'S "Bath of Psyche," Mr. HACKER'S "Syrinx," Mr. WATTS'S "Diana and Endymion," Mr. POYNTER'S "Visit to Æsculapius," and Mr. SOLOMON'S "Orpheus" and "The Judgment of Paris" are "*unfit for public inspection*," and, by virtue of a local Act, has ordered the withdrawal of engravings of these pictures from a print-seller's window. The insolence of the insult to the distinguished painters in question exceeds only the impudence of the affront to the public of Glasgow, who, whatever they may be, are not, or do not claim to be, more easily shocked than the inhabitants of the other cities of the Empire. We are used to this sort of thing from the Pharisees of some Western State of America; but from a city which boasts a school of art that is to be reckoned with in the present status of the arts in Great Britain, we expected no such humiliation, no such scandal. With the artists and art-lovers of Glasgow we sympathise deeply in the ridicule with which their city has been covered through the action of their local Dogberry; yet it is impossible not to feel that Glasgow has been to that extent degraded, and that an apology is due to the painters who have been so grossly affronted. Meanwhile, as Sir Frederic Leighton has written, that though "Glasgow alone, among the large cities of Great Britain, still lags on the stage in which works inspired solely by the desire to express the dignity and beauty of the noblest work of creation—the human form—awakens only suggestions of the obscene . . . only time and the increasing influence of the more enlightened citizens of Glasgow can be looked to in order to bring about a more wholesome and cleaner state of mind."

RECENT EXHIBITIONS.

The present exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours is distinguished from so many of its predecessors by the large number of drawings of considerable size on its walls. The older members continue their travail on lines with which we are familiar; some of them, such as Mr. THORNE WAITE, with unabated success; but many more recently elected contribute drawings of a distinctly modern tendency, and seeing that it is a "close" body, whose space is only available to members and associates, the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours may congratulate itself on keeping very fairly abreast the movement of the day. Nothing in the gallery is more beautiful than the "Winter" of Mr. MATTHEW HALE. It is December in every touch, the hour when decay has done its worst, and nature sinks exhausted and spring tarries. It is delightful to turn from the mournful poetry of this work to Mr. J. W. NORTH'S "And so the Ever-running Year Follows." The artist has taken the season some three months later in a West Country copse, and his theme is Hope. The technique employed is that peculiar to

Mr. North, a slow growth of beauty under processes which the artist himself would find it difficult to state in words. Professor HERKOMER is quite at his best in three minute portraits of fellow-workers in the field of art. A head of his father, an experiment in slight relief, in which water-colour is used on what is very like a gesso foundation, has naturally excited much discussion. His "Daphne" is the head and bust of a classic maiden, executed with frankness and grace in accordance with the laws of pure water-colour. Mr. R. W. ALLEN has discovered a pleasant compromise between the old and new schools. His work is uneven, but his "Syracuse" is alert and luminous. Of Mr. ARTHUR MELVILLE'S dexterity there can be no question; and his large drawing of "Tangiers," by sheer power and assertion, commands the gallery and compels the amazement of his associates. To Mr. A. W. HUNT has occurred the happy idea of dealing with Niagara in the only way and at the only time that it can be paintable—at a distance, in the evening, and after a long drought. His work conveys to us the idea of a giant taking his rest. Mr. LIONEL SMYTHE, whose work of late has often been the glory of the exhibition, is very disappointing. Much that is delightful is wasted in Mr. ALBERT GOODWIN'S "Whitby," because the lurid and dramatic sky and the more prosaic details of the foreground do not seem to come together; but his "Salisbury" is wholly exquisite. Mr. J. H. HENSHALL is often ill-advised in his choice of subjects, and in his large "Gethsemane" we see fine draughtsmanship and skilful handling displayed to small purpose. To a less extent this remark applies to Mr. E. R. HUGHES'S large drawing of an interior with two figures, "Such Trifles as These;" but the drawing as a whole furnishes insufficient justification for its existence. Mr. J. R. WEGUELIN, the youngest associate, is to be greatly congratulated on the new vigour and broader, quicker handling he is throwing into such work as "The Battle of the Roses" this year; and Mr. E. F. BREWTNALL'S "The Poacher" is exquisite in tone.

The current exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists is placidly unprovocative of criticism. The various members, sure of themselves and their *clientèle*, continue to work and exhibit on lines less heroic and experimental than cautious and remunerative. Often it has happened that young men of talent, or artists with exclusively provincial reputations, have made their bow to London in Suffolk Street; and their names may, many of them, still be seen in the catalogue of the Society, if their works are absent from the walls. Nothing, however, of this sort happens this year, if we except "Le Papillon" of Mr. FRANK BUCKLAND, a young artist of West Country birth and Parisian training and style.

The New English Art Club is to a great extent the victim of its own success. Certain theories of art which it was the first to revive and submit to the larger English public have grown to be more or less accepted by an important section of the art-practising and art-loving community. On the other hand, its own pretensions have been somewhat abated; and it has been content to conform in a much greater degree to general usages and received traditions. The result of this double concession has been to minimise its distinctive individuality, and to make its

exhibitions less unlike those of other societies. Moreover, it was to have been expected that an Ishmael confraternity of this sort, with its hand against all things established, would be composed itself of bellicose material. And so it has proven. Internal dissension following on internal dissension has alienated many an ally; and so at the present moment the young painters of Chelsea find themselves left severely alone. In a word, the interest attaching to its twelfth exhibition at the Dudley Gallery in Piccadilly is to a great extent "local." Messrs. P. WILSON STEER and C. W. FURSE are the most important exhibitors. Messrs. H. B. BRABAZON, MOFFATT P. LIDNER, EDWARD STOTT, and BERNHARD SICKERT, all send landscapes distinguished by decorative quality, refined colour, and poetic feeling. Mr. WILL ROTHENSTEIN's work is interesting as that of a new member who possesses great cleverness and some of that eccentricity we have grown to regard as characteristic of the club.

An exceptionally fine collection of 150 pictures has been brought together at the City of London Art Galleries, including several CUYPS, especially Lord Yarborough's splendid "Fine Day in Winter on the Maas;" representative works by JAN STEEN, WOUVERMAN, RUYSDAEL, HOBEMA, TERBURG, METZU, REMBRANDT, VAN DYCK, and others; and an interesting group of canvases by such British masters as REYNOLDS, GAINSBOROUGH, ROMNEY, ETTY, RAEBURN, CROME, WILKIE, CONSTABLE, PHILLIP, LEWIS, LANDSEER, LINNELL, and LESLIE, and a very notable TURNER, "The Marriage of the Adriatic," lent by Mr. Ralph Brocklebank. The interest of the general public, however, centres in a very remarkable selection of the earlier and more famous works of men still alive or recently deceased, especially of the Pre-Raphaelite masters, and some of the less remembered men who followed in their footsteps. Sir JOHN MILLAIS' development may be traced from the first Pre-Raphaelite picture he ever painted, "Lorenzo and Isabella," sent by the artist in his twentieth year to the Academy of 1849, up to his "The Idyll" of thirty-nine years later. The late FORD MADDOX BROWN and D. G. ROSSETTI are ably represented; Mr. HOLMAN HUNT's "Finding of Christ in the Temple" and "Strayed Sheep" both hang on the walls; "The Hesperides," from Sir EDWARD BURNE-JONES, attests his sympathy; a large and brilliant subject composition from the brush of the great sea painter, Mr. J. C. HOOK, demonstrates how in his youth he was affected by the movement; and works by Messrs. ARTHUR HUGHES and W. L. WINDUS are of great interest. The catholicity of taste of the committee of selection is proved by the fact that in the same room with these Pre-Raphaelite works is seen Mr. WHISTLER's masterpiece, "Miss Alexander;" Mr. GREIFFENHAGEN's "Eve" of last year, repainted in part and greatly improved; "A Lady in White," fresh from the easel of that distinguished portraitist, Mr. MOUAT LOUDAN; and some startling examples of the new Glasgow school. There are also many works which were, when first painted, the Academy pictures of the year.

The twenty-ninth annual spring exhibition of the Royal Birmingham Society of Artists is made noteworthy by reason of a special loan collection of some thirty pictures and drawings, and about the same number of studies in black and white, by the late FREDERICK WALKER, A.R.A., and a series of landscapes by Mr. J. W. NORTH, A.R.A. Undoubtedly the effect of half an hour spent delightfully among the pictures of these two poet-painters is to put the spectator somewhat out of tune for the examination of the more modern works which fill the other walls; and yet

among them are some which are worth careful attention. Drawings of note have been sent by Messrs. WALTER LANGLEY, ALFRED EAST, H. J. HENSHALL, J. FULLEY-LOVE, H. CLARENCE WHAITE, and others. Among the oil-paintings prominent places have been given to Mr. T. C. GOTCH's "My Crown and Sceptre," Mr. MOFFAT LINDNER's "Richmond, Yorkshire," Mr. ARTHUR HACKER's portrait of Mr. M. Tomkinson, Mr. ERNEST NORMAND's "Saul and David," Mr. CHEVALLIER TAYLER's "Confirmation Day," Mr. KENNINGTON's portrait of Miss Palmer, and Mr. MELTON FISHER's "Summer Night, Venice."

The sixteenth spring exhibition of modern pictures at the Atkinson Art Gallery, Southport, under the auspices of the Corporation, was opened on Saturday, March 3rd. There are 813 exhibits, which form a collection probably the finest that has been shown in Southport, including, as it does, an unusually large proportion of important pictures, while the general level of quality is exceptionally high. Seventeen members and associates of the Royal Academy are represented by works such as "Season of Mists and Mellow Fruitfulness," by Mr. DAVID MURRAY; "Sunset after a Storm," by Mr. HENRY MOORE; "Rural England," by Mr. J. E. HODGSON; "Christ and the Magdalen," by Mr. A. HACKER; "The Evening Hour," by Mr. E. A. WATERLOW; "After Fifty Years," by Mr. FRANK BRAMLEY; "The Vision at the Martyr's Well," by Mr. BOUGHTON; "A Maid of Athens," by Mr. W. B. RICHMOND; "Trouble," by Mr. J. B. BURGESS; and "Diadumené," by Mr. POYNTER. The water-colour section is also of high quality.

A certain interest has attached to the exhibition at the Goupil Galleries of the selected works of Mr. P. WILSON STEER, claimed as the most brilliant and important of the younger men who remain faithful to the traditions of the New English Art Club. The paintings included landscapes and portraits; in the former the artist having learnt much from MM. Monet and Sisley, and in the latter from Mr. Whistler, whose flat effects and exquisite observance of tones and values it has been his ambition to rival in his full-length portrait of a "Lady in Grey." Nevertheless, Mr. Steer sees things for himself.

Miss HELEN THORNYCROFT, instead of sending her accumulated work to the gallery of a dealer in Bond Street, arranged it in the studio of her brother, Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., the sculptor, and then bade all the world come and see. The result was pleasing. Miss Thornycroft is an aquarellist with an agreeable appreciation of colour. Few subjects escape her pencil, but we were most attracted by a series of sketches of the coasts of the Mediterranean, all taken from a ship—long, narrow slips of land and sea, in which a deep blue predominated.

The visit of the Société des Aquarellistes Français to the Hanover Gallery, Bond Street, is one of importance. The French are great experimentalists in water-colours, and very much may be learnt from them in the development of the art we like to call "national." They have, it is true, less appreciation and reverence for its distinctive qualities of brilliancy and transparency; and not more than half a dozen of the representative drawings sent over strike us as being in pure water-colour. But marvellous work is shown by M. BOUTET DE MONVEL, whose mystic "Les Paons Blancs" and homely "Le Conte de Fées," with its tender effect of lamp-light on the children's faces, shows the range of his art; M. CHARLES MEISSONIER, whose sailor "Le Voilier," at work with his needle on the poop of a ship in harbour, is delightful in its luminosity and the unassertiveness of its detail; M. MAX CLAUDE, whose

"Souvenir de Trouville" is full of *brio*; M. FRANÇOIS LOUIS FRANÇAIS, whose "Groupe de Chênes-Verts" proves how impressive he can be with very simple material; and above all in the decorative fantasias of M. ROCHEGROSSE, whose flamboyant fancy overflows his frames and impresses the precious metals into his service.

At Messrs. Liberty's "Exhibition of Ancient and Modern, Eastern and Western Art Embroideries," there are some rare gems of cunning handiwork either from the loom or needle, and often both combined. The finest loom work comes from China, and consists of some State robes which would cost a king's ransom to set up in one of our Jacquard looms. In these days of technical education, such pieces should be secured for teaching purposes and not used up in room decoration. A large panel of modern Japanese tapestry, woven in heavy silk, shows that they are not losing ground at Kyoto, even when working on a commercial basis. Nearer home, a collection made in India is remarkable in being free from the Bombay, Madras, Delhi, and Cashmere goods of the Parsee importers. Embroidered quilts of the eighteenth century from Afghan and Bokharese dower chests, wonderfully-wrought dresses or, strictly speaking, smocks, from Scindh and Kutch, one of which is begemmed with 3,000 tiny mirrors, each kept in position by a silken frame of buttonhole stitching. Then Persia contributes of her best, including a tribute rug made by Kurdish ladies, in which every square inch contains over 400 knots; *kelim*, or true tapestry carpets for caravan use—one, No. 183, having forsaken the giddy colouring of its youth and sobered in harmonious shades whilst performing the *hadj* to Mecca and Medina. Dagistan sends rugs of the same patterns as those which in the early seventeenth century were the delight of Flemish artists, in whose pictures they do duty as table-cloths. Then Turkey in Asia, from whence was formerly exported the very best of everything Saracenic: here the past joins the present in beautiful Groides and Koula rugs of the last century, and modern embroidered hangings, which were made for mosque adornment and not "adapted" to our requirements, are about the last traces of good Moslem art remaining to us. Starting with Japan, and working home through India, Persia, and Turkey, our interest fails on reaching the shores of the Mediterranean; and the beautiful frontals, vestments, and coverlets of Italy, Spain, and Portugal are wasted on one repleted with the glories of the East.

REVIEWS.

"*The Book-Plate Annual and Armorial Year-Book.*" (First yearly issue. Price Half-a-crown. London: A. and C. Black, 1894.) Mr. JOHN LEIGHTON, F.S.A., better known in the artistic world under the *nom de plume*—or, shall we say, *de pinceau*—"Luke Limner," was the first among living bibliophiles to point out the various elements of interest that can be found in the study of those symbolical tokens of book-ownership called book-plates. An article dealing (to use Mr. Leighton's own enthusiastic words) "with those charming personalities we find affixed within the covers of books by their owners," contributed in 1866 to the *Gentleman's Magazine* by this devoted student of emblematic devices, was the first illustrated allusion known in the bibliography of this gently alluring subject. Since then the interest of book-lovers in the matter of personal tokens has been steadily developed, and of late years has shown itself in more decided form. Three

years ago an Ex-libris Society was established, of which "Luke Limner" was a vice-president, and made its existence useful by the publication of a flourishing monthly journal. *The Book-Plate Annual*, now issued for the first time by Mr. Leighton, may be looked upon to some extent as a yearly appendix to this special organ of "ex-librism"—it is published by the same firm and in similar form. Nevertheless, it is utterly independent of the senior publication's editorship, and the first instalment is so excellent that we must but hope to see *The Book-Plate Annual* establish itself as a perennial.

The narrow scholarship, which was modestly content with the study of the word, is now hopelessly old-fashioned, and even our schools are busied with the realities of ancient times. So that Miss ALICE ZIMMERN's translation of Dr. BLÜMNER's "*Home Life of the Ancient Greeks*" (London: Cassell and Co.) is published appositely enough. The book is valuable from an artistic point of view, because the author supplements the written records with the evidence furnished by vase-paintings, reliefs, terra-cotta figures; in fact, by every manifestation of art which can throw light upon an interesting subject. The illustrations, moreover, are clearly and adequately reproduced, and since all topics—such as costume, burial, gymnastics, theatres, and the rest—are sufficiently discussed for the instruction of the beginner, the book should have an immediate success.

The name and reputation of Monsieur E. GERSPACH, and his position as Administrator of the Institution for some years past, may be taken as a guarantee of the trustworthiness of his "*Répertoire détaillé des Tapisseries des Gobelins*" (A. Le Vassuer and Cie., Paris). It is a book which will be as absolutely necessary to the collector as to the dealer; in it he can see at a glance not only what has been produced at the famous factory since its foundation in 1662, but when it was executed, and (what to him is yet more important) the number of times each separate design has been repeated. To the general reader the interest in the book will consist in the admirable introductory essay, in which the technique of tapestry weaving in general, and the history of the Gobelins in particular, are surveyed from the vantage ground of one who knows.

From the British Museum we have received another of Mr. SIDNEY COLVIN's admirable Print-room publications—namely, a "*Catalogue of the Collection of Fans and Fan-Leaves Presented to the Trustees of the British Museum by the Lady Charlotte Schreiber.*" The compilation is by the indefatigable Mr. LIONEL CUST—a compressed version, so to say, of Lady Schreiber's great illustrated *catalogue raisonné*, so classified, indexed, and arranged as to be practically a handbook, for those who appreciate it rightly, to the whole subject of fans and their decoration.

We have also received "*Richard Jefferies: a Study,*" by H. S. SALT (London: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.); "*The International Annual of Anthony's Photographic Bulletin for 1894*" (London: W. E. Peck and Co.), which is full of interest, showing the progress of photography in all parts of the world (the illustrations are especially noteworthy—a record of the rapid strides made in the photographic reproductive processes); and from Mr. T. FISHER Unwin the new volume in his Mermaid Series, "*The Complete Plays of Richard Steele,*" edited by Mr. G. A. AITKEN and accompanied by portraits of Richard Steele and Colley Cibber, the book containing a literal reproduction of the original text and constituting a valuable addition to this popular series.

NEW ENGRAVING.

Wood-engraving has for a time at least fallen on evil days. Its exponents are not altogether free from blame in the matter. They have not with sufficient jealousy maintained its dignity as an art, but have suffered it to fall to the level of an industry. Amongst the few who have striven against this tendency Mr. BISCOMBE GARDNER holds an honoured place. His name comes before the public now in connection with an effort he is making to uphold the place of engraving on wood as an art of equal importance and value with engraving on copper or on any other material. Mr. Gardner has just completed a large engraving from Mr. WATTS's portrait of George Meredith, and he is issuing it in the form of artist's proofs only, each copy being pulled with as special care as if it were an etching. It is a novelty to have to pay a guinea for an impression from a wood block, but the portrait is unique, the edition is limited, and the engraving is superb. The plate is issued by Messrs. Elkin Matthews and Lane, Vigo Street, as well as by the artist himself, who dwells upon the breezy heights of Hindhead in Surrey.

NOTABILIA.

MADAME ROSA BONHEUR has recently been created an officer of the Legion of Honour.

The will of the late FORD MADOX BROWN has been proved with personalty under £1,000.

The Whitechapel Picture Exhibition was visited during the twenty days it was open by over 70,000 persons.

CONSTABLE's famous "Scene on the River Stour," better known as "The White Horse," was sold at Christie's last month for 6,200 guineas, Messrs. Agnew and Sons being the purchasers.

The Corporation of London, by 87 votes to 79, decided to open the Loan Exhibition at the Guildhall on alternate Sundays. On April 22, the first day under the new arrangement, more than 2,000 persons were admitted.

MESSRS. ROBERT CHRISTIE, REGINALD MACHELL, E. H. READ, MONTAGUE SMYTH, FRANK SPENLOVE-SPENLOVE, and HOLLAND TRINGHAM have been elected members of the Royal Society of British Artists.

The South Kensington Museum authorities are warmly to be congratulated on the removal of the casts from the great hall which they occupied and the substitution of the superb collections of tapestries. It is an arrangement by which both tapestries and casts have benefited, and the public most of all. To this subject we shall return, as the change is too important to be passed over with a paragraph.

An Arts and Crafts Guild has recently been formed at Sheffield. The objects of the new society are to improve the arts and crafts of Sheffield and the district, the holding of exhibitions, and the bringing of the work of the members more prominently before the public. The crafts represented at the inaugural meeting were chasers, designers, engravers, modellers, and saw-piercers. Mr. Charles Green was elected president and Mr. Charles W. Crowder secretary.

At the Vienna Salon the following English artists have been awarded large gold medals: Sir F. LEIGHTON, Bart., P.R.A., for his "Perseus and Andromeda;" Mr. W. W. OULESS, R.A., for his portrait of Cardinal Manning; Mr. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A., for "Fredegonda;" and Mr. H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A., for his "Dusk." Small gold medals have been awarded to Mr. W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A., for "Master

Baby;" Mr. ALFRED PARSONS, R.I., for "Young Cherry Trees;" Mr. J. J. SHANNON, for a portrait; and Mr. T. BLAKE WIRGMAN, for his portrait of Lord Hannen.

A proposal has been made—with which we are more or less in sympathy—to the effect that in future years the names of the artists whose works have been "crowded out" from the Academy Exhibition should be printed in an appendix to the catalogue. It is said that the disgrace, as many consider it, of rejection would be to a great extent palliated by such semi-recognition of the "Doubtfuls." No doubt, for those who would approve of it, this is just the sort of thing they would approve.

On the 24th of March the post of Director of the National Gallery was vacated by Sir FREDERICK BURTON—or, to speak more accurately, it lapsed. We would point out that the services rendered by Sir Frederick during his brilliant tenure of office are inestimable, and that the disposition to let him go without a word of thanks or official recognition is not only ungrateful, but unworthy of the nation for whom he has done so much. Mr. E. J. POYNTER, R.A., has been appointed his successor, it being understood that Mr. Sidney Colvin and Mr. Walter Armstrong—especially the latter—were his most serious antagonists. Mr. Poynter is condemned to paint no more.

The Corporation of Glasgow have purchased "Fir Faggots," by Mr. DAVID MURRAY, A.R.A., at present in the Glasgow Institute Galleries. It will be remembered as one of Mr. Murray's Royal Academy pictures of last year. This is the second picture by a living artist that the Glasgow Corporation has purchased—the other being Whistler's portrait of Carlyle. It is interesting to note that in a plebiscite vote of the visitors of the Glasgow Institute Galleries, Mr. Murray's picture was pronounced to be not only the best landscape in the rooms, but the best picture generally.

It is painful to observe with what jealousy the French nation regards every movement of the English in Egypt, even when no question of politics is involved. When the French curator of the Boulac Museum was thought hardly up to his duties, the cry was raised that any interference with the *status quo* meant merely the first step towards removing the whole museum to Bloomsbury; and now a similar taunt is going the round of the Press in consequence of Sir BENJAMIN BAKER's proposal to raise the Philæ Temple for the sake of the proposed irrigation works at Assouan. Our neighbours should really not judge us by the former acts of their own rulers.

OBITUARY.

Monsieur ARNAUD-DÉSIRÉ GAUTIER, a French artist of some repute, has recently died at Paris. Born at Lille in 1825, he received his early training in his native city under Souchon, and afterwards at Paris became a pupil of Léon Cogniet at the École des Beaux-Arts. He was an exhibitor at the Salon from 1853 up to last year, and among his principal works are: "La Promenade du Jeudi" (1853), "Les Folles de la Salpêtrière" (1859), "Le Dimanche Matin" (1868), "Le Vieux Vagabond" (1892), and "Loin de la Ville" (1893). Mr. J. A. RAEMAKERS, sculptor, has died from the results of an accident at his residence. He was born in 1831, and for many years past has been an exhibitor at the Royal Academy and Salon. Only a few days before his death he was present at the Guildhall, London, on the occasion of the unveiling of his bust of Sir John Monckton.

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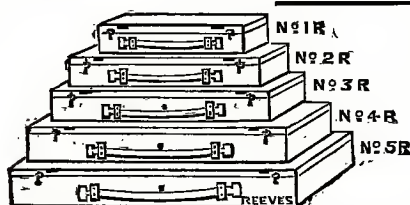
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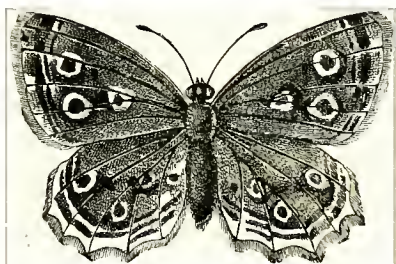
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